

THE NEGLECT OF HOME TIMBER. By Sir Robert Lorimer.  
ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOLS—RUGBY.

# COUNTRY LIFE

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## A REVOLUTION IN TRADE POLICY

FOR some time past the country has had cause for weariness with the journalists and politicians who seem to have formulated in their minds a post-war vision of Great Britain as a gigantic relief works.

So many schemes of an eleemosynary character have been considered and brought forth as to suggest that some good genius had originally instituted them to keep the old women busy. Their most vicious tendency is to make us forget the two or three simple principles by which the prosperity of a State is reached and secured. First and foremost is the axiom that a great yet necessary financial burden, such as is being imposed on us by the war, can be met in one way and in one way only; that is to say, by the creation of wealth. That means an enrichment of the individual and, indirectly, of the State, which may be trusted to find a way of tapping new resources. He will

deserve the gratitude of his country who, either by example or precept, shows how that magnificent system of munitions factories organised for war can be utilised in peace. So, likewise, will he who teaches us how to make two blades of grain grow where there was only one before. Either by awakening the slumbering heatherland or by intensifying the cultivation of the area already under the plough it is possible to add to the wealth of the community and bring in a new company of taxpayers.

The second principle is so commonplace as to be in danger of becoming forgotten. It is that men are a State's most valuable asset. "Men my brothers, men the workers," count far more than horses and cattle in national wealth. If all goes well and the new sun dawns upon an England eager and purified for the new phase of the contest, there will be no talk of "settling" men or finding them employment. They will be searched for as keys without which the earth will not yield her treasures. Wherefore these two tenets should be deeply planted in every ardent and patriotic mind: first, that new wealth must be created; and, second, that for the purpose population is essential.

Now comes a third consideration, one that has led to a resolution in the trade policy of this country. The production of goods is governed by their sale. Where are the markets? Some also ask, Where is the working capital? The latter question is not so important as it looks, as will be evident from an example. Russia is rich in undeveloped wealth, rich in potentiality. Take agriculture as one of the many directions in which she can expand. Her vast territories are capable of feeding the world, but she is behind time in the two great essentials of machinery and knowledge. She has, in the right meaning of the word, plenty of capital, but it is not realised. But realisation is not difficult, and the process must reflect prosperity on her friends as well as herself.

Look at our own case. The Census of production brought out the fact that the home trade was much more important than the foreign. If the factories are set going, those who work them are potential customers of the farm. If food production is increased, the consumers will all be found at home. But industry looks to a foreign market, and we have to face the fact that the Central European forces have entered into a commercial league involving a fiscal preference among themselves. As a counter-measure the Powers represented at the Paris Conference have formed an opposing league to consist of the Allied nations. For England this is a step directly contrary to the Free Trade policy which has been pursued before. But it has been done. The irrevocable decree has gone forth. What remains now is only to put the thing into practical shape, and the country will look on without dissent because to many minds it has been brought home that the Germanic system of peaceful penetration was a preliminary to military aggression.

The change is so vast that it is difficult at a moment's notice to realise its full meaning. It appears to divide Europe permanently into two huge sections, the aim of each of which will be to have as little as possible to do with the other. The Central Powers will then tend to become a single great empire. It has often been prophesied that Austria will find it difficult to survive as an empire the death of the aged Emperor, but even if there is no dynastic change the interests of the two Powers will be so much consolidated that they will practically be only one Power. Outside of them the present Allies will be organised as an immense combination for commercial purposes. Men of German nationality will no longer enjoy their old opportunities of making fortunes in and exploiting Russia, France, Italy and Great Britain. On the other hand, German goods will be either prohibited altogether or only admitted on payment of a tariff that practically has that effect. It is evident, even at a first glance, that a vast machinery will have to be invented for the purpose of working so huge an organisation, and the sooner it is started the better it will be.

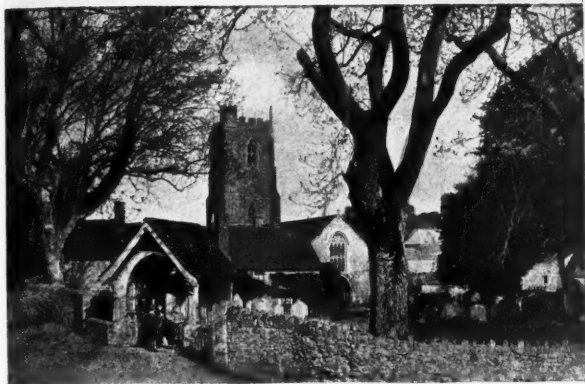
## Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece is a portrait of Lady Beryl Stanhope, only daughter of the fifth Earl of Clancarty, who was married to the Hon. Richard Philip Stanhope, brother of Earl Stanhope, in 1914.

\*.\* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses gardens or livestock on behalf of **COUNTRY LIFE** be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



## COUNTRY NOTES



**A**S Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. McKenna is proving himself an extremely able, if unimaginative, man of business. It is something for him to be proud of that he has maintained British credit, increased the normal expenditure of the nation by two and a half times, and yet not caused his countrymen to groan under an unbearable weight of taxation. His second Budget is skilful in its apportionment of direct and indirect taxation. It bears rather hardly on the middle class income tax payer, who is making no profit out of the war, and is not free of responsibilities incurred in times of peace; and the tax on railway tickets, falling as it must do to a great extent on those who travel only for business purposes—travel for pleasure there is none to-day—must also be largely paid by him; but the other imposts are not unreasonable under the circumstances. Those who attend theatres or picture shows, football matches and horse races may well be asked to contribute their mite towards the cost of the war. Matches and table waters, cider and perry, are not absolute necessities. Sugar, coffee and cocoa are articles on the consumption of which it is as reasonable to impose a tax as upon tea. On the whole, it is a good Budget, and the courageous determination to raise £509,000,000 is in sharp contrast with Germany's £24,000,000, so hesitatingly asked for by Herr Helfferich.

**O**UR continuation on the subject of reclaiming land ought to answer a question that has very frequently been asked. England is a business nation, and the query constantly put is: Can the reclamation of heatherland be regarded as a sound commercial proposition, or in urging it are you bent only on philanthropy? Now, the story told in another page is that of a life assurance company. Similar bodies in this country do not use the funds at their disposal for purposes of charity, although it should be said that they can contribute very generously to charitable needs when they deem it necessary; but when they give, they give; when they invest money they do so for the purpose of obtaining a return. The Utrecht Life Assurance Company do not seem to have regretted their initial outlay on heatherland, because in the course of a few years they doubled the area and, in fact, the speculation proved to be highly profitable. The Company had the wisdom not to attempt the work itself but to employ the Waste Lands Reclamation Society of the Netherlands, which commanded the most expert services then available.

**T**HE writer of the little pamphlet on which our article is based no doubt interprets very favourably the pride with which his countrymen regard the accomplishment of a task like this. He is also not devoid of a certain humour and even poetry, as in the passage where he pictures the curlew wheeling round the six plough-oxen which tore up his haunt and, later, the still greater horror excited by the appearance of the first steam plough. It is a bit of natural history very prettily told. We know places in the North of England that were much haunted by the curlews till the owners drained and made meadow of them, when the "whaup" migrated further into the waste, where his dreary cry is well in keeping with his surroundings. A hint is given that the rabbit profits nearly as much as man when crops are substituted for ling and bracken. In the new conditions he may run more risks, but then he has a full-fed happy time to make up for them. In the same vein an allusion is made to the gelinote or hazel hen—and this is not the worst of the feathered sinners.

IT happens by the purest accident that in this week's issue we print side by side a delightful article by Sir Robert Lorimer on the uses to which home timber can be put and a description of the blizzard as it affected the greatest elm growing county in England. We need not tell the reader that Sir Robert Lorimer's contribution was in print long before the storm began, and that the writer, therefore, could not foresee that at the publication of his article there would be a plethora of his favourite wood. We are sure that every reader of taste will be exceedingly interested in the uses found by the great Scottish architect for home-grown elm. It is rather the fashion to despise that timber, but for interior work it is as beautiful and as lasting as oak itself. Sir Robert Lorimer's advice to timber merchants to lay in a stock of home-grown timber for drying and seasoning is undoubtedly sound. It is proffered, too, at the very moment when the merchants are in a position to avail themselves of it. It is very unlikely that in the time of any man now living there will arise another such opportunity of stocking British timber, and it appears to be at least equally certain that British timber will go up in price whether the war continues or does not.

**U**NDER the circumstances it would seem unnecessary to warn those who have trees down not to rush them prematurely on the market. Immense as the number of victims claimed by the blizzard may be, they will be used up much more quickly than the smaller timber merchants realise. When that occurs will be the time to sell, and the owner of green wood has always the satisfaction of knowing that his property does not deteriorate with age, but, on the contrary, is day by day advancing very slowly to the position of seasoned wood. And elm, especially, needs keeping for a considerable length of time. Even when apparently well seasoned, the carpenter and builder are aware that it is capable of playing very strange pranks in the way of expanding or contracting. The only cure for this vice that we know of is age. Of course, the few weeks for which it may be necessary to wait will not produce much difference, but, still, every little helps, and it is satisfactory at all events to own something that does not deteriorate with keeping.

### THE IDEALIST.

You are not she I love. Upon a day,  
Stealing her eyes, you cheated me awhile;  
And ere you came another held brief sway,  
Catching the very spirit of her smile;  
O, I have seen her once and twice and thrice,  
And yet again—since first in Paradise!

But ever, if one had her trick of laughter,  
Her speech was strange to me; and if the whole  
Was copied in a face and form, thereafter  
I sought in vain the habit of her soul;  
(One difference, one blemish to approve  
Were to dishonour her who is my love.)

I go to seek my love who is not you,  
My love who is a memory, a hope;  
Oft shall I think her mine and oft pursue—  
To lose her and in disillusion grope;  
For well I know my quest is vanity;  
If I might find her, then it were not She!

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

**M**EMBERS of the House of Lords did not display their usual foresight in last week's discussion of the Land Valuation Office. Lord Oranmore and Browne, who opened the debate, and Lord Crewe, who answered him, failed to see that the greatest defect in the Valuation lies neither in its expensiveness nor its abstraction of men from more urgent work, but that it has been upset by the war. Whoever is in practical touch with property knows of its wild and varied response to the influence of the great war. In a few cases it has gone up, in the majority it has gone down. Agricultural land is probably worth a little more, but it has not risen with bounds as it did during the campaigns of Wellington. The farmers made a profit out of war prices last year, but the labour handicap has become too severe. Country houses, pleasure houses and pleasure grounds are worth less. But these movements are not fixed. Nobody as yet can foresee the final result. Only one thing is certain. An entirely new value is being evolved, and it must perforce cancel that which has been so laboriously calculated by the Lloyd George army of officials. Their time has been wasted

by an ordinance of fate and to go on wasting it is patent folly.

BESIDES, it is useless for Lord Crewe to represent the objections as due to dislike of the new taxes for which this Valuation was the confessed preliminary. The common-sense of the nation will play havoc with the political theory on this matter. It is as plain as a pikestaff that after the war this country will have to depend more on the productivity of its own soil than it has done for the last hundred years at least. We are going to depend upon it for food, and the price of food comes out of the pocket of the man who is also the taxpayer. You cannot expect at one and the same time to get from land the maximum of food at a reasonable price and a maximum of revenue. Lord Crewe's language was that of one who is still living in the world as it existed before the war. He said: "Not only land-taxers and land nationalisers, but the Liberal Party and the Labour Party would regard an attack upon the principle of the valuation of land for the purpose of special taxation as a definite breach of the party truce."

SERIOUS attention is demanded when a personage of the experience and moderation of Sir Howard Frank makes reclamation the first item in a new land policy. We give it in his own words: "1. The cultivation of lands hitherto neglected or used for sporting purposes, where it can be demonstrated that the cost of reclamation will be justified by the results having regard to the necessity for increasing our home-grown food supplies." This is certainly the most important part of his programme. Indeed, if it were carried out the rest would follow as a matter of course. Reclamation must inevitably have the effect of improving the wage and position of the farm labourer by enhancing the value of his services. If carried out on a large scale there would be no disorganisation after the war. So also it would have the effect of placing more people on the land. The phrase used "settling people on the land" is, in our opinion, objectionable, as it implies a certain artificial pressure to induce people to go and live in the country. Make it pleasant and profitable for them and they will place themselves. In fact, if they do not place themselves nobody can do it for them. So with the rest of the ten points enumerated. Bring into active use all the available land and the rest will follow.

THIS country possesses a number of excellent chemists, but there are too few of them. We entirely agree with what was said on the subject by Captain Guinness and Dr. Collie at the opening of the new chemical laboratories at University College on Friday. Among the revelations of the war has been the discovery of the extent to which our industries depend on the chemist and how the work has been done in Germany. Take the subject on which we have had a great deal to say recently, artificial manures. To a very large extent indeed we have depended on the Prussian laboratories for them, and the war has caused here, as elsewhere, a dearth that ought to have been avoidable. We need not dwell on the disadvantage of lacking dyes and other material necessary to commerce. For that reason, if for no other, we hope that there will be, even in these times, a generous response to the appeal made on behalf of the Laboratories Fund. Sir Ralph C. Forster, who had already proved himself a generous friend, opened the subscription list with a donation of £5,000. If other three rich men would follow his example the £20,000 would, so to speak, be on the table.

IT is announced that the headmaster of Eton, Dr. E. Lyttelton, has tendered his resignation to the Provost and Fellows, who have decided to accept it as from Christmas next. Dr. Lyttelton was born in 1855, the seventh son of the fourth Lord Lyttelton. In the April number of the *Cornhill Magazine* there is a delightful article about Catherine Gladstone, the wife of the great statesman, whose sister married the fourth Lord Lyttelton, and a very amusing story is told in it. When Lord Lyttelton and Mr. Gladstone arrived at Hawarden for the wedding, as they walked together down the village street, Gladstone, as his daughter describes him, "tall and upright, pale, resolute, with eyes like an eagle," and Lord Lyttelton, "spite of massive head and intellectual brow, somewhat rugged and uncouth in manner and appearance," a rustic standing by remarked, "Isn't it easy to see which is the lord?" The two families lived in close community, and at 13, Carlton House Terrace in 1847 there were eleven children in the house under seven, six Lytteltons and five Gladstones. Dr. Lyttelton was not then born. After two

years at Wellington he returned to Eton as assistant master in 1882, became headmaster at Haileybury in 1890, and was appointed headmaster of Eton in 1905.

IT is difficult for the untravelled Englishman to realise that there are countries in which song birds are rare. Yet, over the greater part of the Continent small birds, which with us are protected, are snared and eaten in such vast numbers that a Claude Melnotte of to-day might find it difficult to people the Palace on the Lake of Como which he imagined for his lady love with "birds whose songs shall syllable thy name." Some parts of the United States appear to be not much better off, and in New York State the scarcity of birds is becoming so noticeable that the Audubon Society has proposed that all the cemeteries in the country should be converted into bird sanctuaries. If England, with its innumerable parks and woods, has been compelled to protect the rarer birds by law, and even to establish sanctuaries for those which show a tendency to die out, it is hardly surprising that America, which possesses comparatively few such refuges, especially in the neighbourhood of great cities, should more and more conspicuously lack one of the primary delights of rural life.

#### FANTASY.

Ah, to comfort you! sighs the Day,  
You who loved me in happier hours.  
Flying petals of elder-flowers,  
Song of thrushes and scent of May—  
Nothing fairer to give have I,  
Nothing . . . unless I die.

Night will fold you within her veil,  
(Soft her bosom to those a-weeping)  
Hushed to slumber, herself unsleeping.  
Grief goes softly till stars turn pale.  
Nothing, nothing is asked of me . . .  
Only to cease to be.

ISABEL BUTCHART.

THE extent of the operations of the Red Cross Society is brought home to us by the journeyings of Sir Courtauld Thomson—one of its chief commissioners—who has just returned to this country. During his absence he has visited the fronts in France, the Dardanelles, Egypt, Italy and Salonika. To create an efficient organisation covering such a vast and varying field has been no small task, and it is satisfactory to learn from competent independent authorities that the Society's arrangements are entitled to high praise. Sir Courtauld Thomson's most notable effort was the reorganisation of the Red Cross arrangements in France in the early stages of the war. Before his arrival, owing to the great influx of wounded, some unavoidable confusion prevailed. Largely as the result of his efforts order was soon established; and in these days, when criticism is rife on all sides, the Red Cross is one of the few great institutions of which a complaint is rarely heard.

A COMMUNICATION has been received from Lord Selborne by the Royal English Arboricultural Society and is being circulated by the President, Lord Barnard, to the members. The advice of Lord Selborne is that members of the Society should plant as many seedlings of trees this year as possible. The war is making very heavy demands on timber and the nurserymen are suffering so much from the shortage of labour that they will be unable to make the loss good. Lord Selborne thinks, therefore, that if members of the Arboricultural Society would sow even a small area, the aggregate might be useful. He gives a list of the species which are likely to be in most demand after the war. They are larch, common spruce, Sitka spruce, Scots pine, Douglas fir, silver fir, Corsican pine, and beech. This is very good advice, and might be advantageously acted upon by those outside the Society as well as the members.

IN view of the restrictions imposed by the Government on the importation of paper and paper making materials and the consequent shortage of supplies, readers who wish to make sure of obtaining "Country Life" would greatly oblige by placing a firm order for the paper with their newsagent or bookstall clerk. Owing to the scarcity of paper it will be impossible in the future to provide for ordinary chance sales of the paper. Readers who are interested in "Country Life" would be doing the paper a considerable service in ordering their copies from their own newsagent or bookstall clerk, or direct from the offices of the paper.



# MAKING FARMS OUT OF MOORLAND



*The Netherlands Heather Society of Arnhem.*

AN OX TEAM BREAKING UP THE WASTE.

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IN Great Britain, where reclamation of waste land is only beginning to be appreciated as a means of adding to the resources of the country, interest must be felt in the history of a reclamation of land bought for the purpose by a public company. The life assurance company Utrecht made its first purchase of land in 1898 when it bought 700 hectares—that is to say, about 1,750 acres—of heatherland, situated, as was stated in our last number, in the Campine district of Holland and Belgium. The success attending the operation is best shown by the fact that many new purchases followed, so that in 1906 the area of land under reclamation or cultivation had more than doubled. The reclamation and management of this land were handed over by the assurance company to the *Compagnie Néerlandaise pour la Mise en Rapport de Bruyères*, and operations were begun on May 25th, 1899.

An examination of the report issued ten years ago will prove very instructive to the English reader. It will show him the successive steps in a good reclamation. Also it should be noted that the *Netherland Company* did not begin with the experience they have since obtained and have profited by their mistakes. Luckily they committed no fatal error. Indeed, they rather erred on the safe side of over-caution or timidity—a very pardonable fault while they were still feeling their way. The preliminary work consisted of a minute examination of the different lands and the drawing up of a scheme of reclamation, but on the date we have mentioned practical work was done by the formation of a nursery.

The writer almost drops into poetry as he waxes eloquent over this red-letter day on which the work began. Six great oxen dragged a heavy plough through the difficult soil, followed by the monotonous cry of the great curlew, which circled above a sight so new and, it must be added, so ominous for

him. During the course of ages he had enjoyed here a peaceful solitude. He was an old inhabitant long before the family of *Tuldanus* was founded, but the entrance of this great plough on the scene was like serving a notice to quit. Day after day the great oxen went on with the work, paying not the slightest heed to the enraged birds screaming and swooping down on them.

But a still greater surprise was in store, for in 1906 an enormous monster appeared in the field vomiting fire and flame from its nostrils. This was the steam-plough. The curlew, which always retreats before the cultivation of marshy land, knew then that his last resorts were being assailed. Only the rabbit standing on his hind legs, says the Dutch writer, looked on with a mischievous air. He rejoiced because an Eldorado was being created for him. The hazel hen did not rejoice less, for the appearance of man on the scene meant abundance of food, though in reality the agriculturist is the enemy both of the rabbit and the bird. At the beginning there only had been one man as pioneer, but now a couple of guards and forty workmen under the direction of a forester began to tear its treasure from the soil.

Two pretty cottages were erected for the guards and later on four cottages were put up for the workmen, and the forester's house, with a tower for watching the fires, was built—for take what care you may, there will always be a certain danger of fire where there is woodland. And now the whole district began to wear the appearance of a cultivated area. On another occasion we shall take the opportunity to say something about

the suitability of certain reclamations for small holdings, but the example being dealt with to-day is emphatically that of a very large holding, and in Great Britain there is need for both types of farm. It will not be difficult to indicate in what districts the small holding may be expected to



*The Netherlands Heather Society of Arnhem.*

A RECLAIMED PASTURE, 1913.

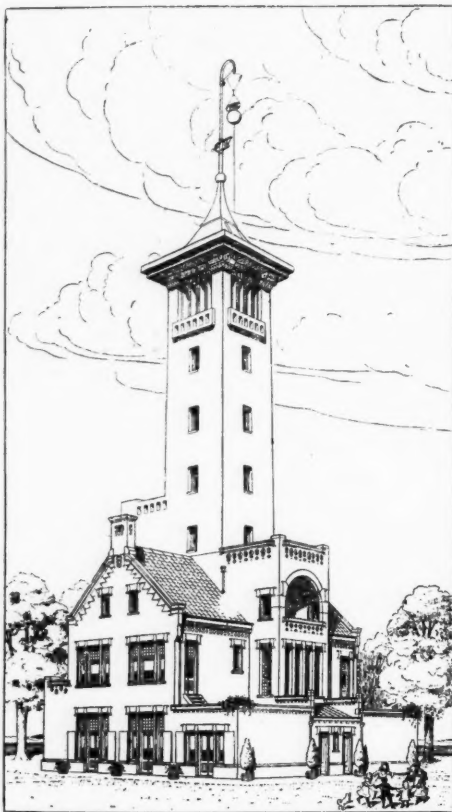
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flourish and where not, but to prevent misconception, let us repeat that at present we are dealing with husbandry on a large scale.

The estate then was divided into four parts of nearly a thousand acres each. Each of these was again divided into fifteen portions and these in their turn were subjected to division and sub-division. The divisions in the end averaged about fifteen acres in size and each was surrounded with roads which serve as boundaries and protection against fire. The sub-divisions are made by the growing wood, of which there are various sorts, some for firing and some for timber. Then there are the fields laid out for plough and pasture. An account of the types of soil will be found in the previous chapter. It remains to describe the types of cultivation. In Great Britain it has been too much the custom to plant trees without any previous preparation whatever, but in the Netherlands the importance of doing this is appreciated very highly. Before trees are planted the soil is ploughed to a depth of 16in. Formerly, as we have said, oxen were used; then came the steam plough and later the motor plough. The ground is ploughed in areas of from two to nine yards in breadth and between these strips deep furrows are made, going to a depth of 28in. in places, to serve as drains for getting rid of water. These open drains run into pipe drains laid at a depth of about 36in., so that the water is finally carried far away from the land to be reclaimed. This is regarded as a very important step in the work; especially in very moist or marshy land the drainage has to be carefully studied beforehand in accordance with the levels and slopes. Drains and roads must be reckoned as first essentials in any good scheme of reclamation. After the work of ploughing and draining has been achieved the soil is thrown into fallow for a year, so that the earth may be subjected to strong frost and to the sun and wind.

Experience has shown that plantations so treated are less exposed to the ravages of the *Sophosomus* insect, which originally chose its domicile on the heather, but when the plantations grew seemed to be equally at home on the pine. As the larvæ eat the bark and kill the plant, it is necessary to get rid of the insect. For planting it was found that the one or two year old plants from the home nursery answered best. Plants of one year were tried at the beginning, but the two year old were found more resistant to insect pests and disease. The planting is done much more quickly and therefore more cheaply than in this country. Even in those early days an experienced planter and a sturdy girl or two could plant 2,400 trees a day, but this would not be considered a



THE FORESTER'S HOUSE AT MIERDE.  
With watch tower for fire.

satisfactory day's work in Belgium to-day. The distance between the pines is 28in. The oak is more freely planted where the land contains humus. In parts rich in humus, but too small to be converted into pastures or arable, the alder, the *Picea excelsa* and the *Picea Menziesi* are planted as well as the oak.

#### GRASSLAND.

When the type of soil was considered suitable for making pasture, the first proceeding was to cut the heather slightly below the surface of the soil with a kind of Dutch hoe. Then the earth was harrowed carefully and deeply and was allowed to dry. The sand which was taken out of the drains was spread on the surface and formed a fine seed bed for clover and hay. Not much attention was paid to levelling at the beginning, because it was a matter of importance that a favourable balance sheet should be made. The manure used was composed of a ton of lime for every two and a half acres, a ton of basic slag, and a ton of kainite. After this was put on a specially made mixture of clover and hay seeds was sown. The very first year gave a splendid return, especially in the varieties of clover. The pecuniary returns were equally satisfactory at the beginning. But these returns obstinately diminished, notwithstanding

constant annual manuring with the help of new manures. This diminution was caused in the first place by the gradual disappearance of the good herbs and the clover during the continual hay-makings. At that time there was no great demand for hay in the district, and the production appeared to be greater than was called for. However, in 1903 a trial was made of pasturing cattle. Twenty head of cows and a bull were bought, and with very great difficulty they succeeded in finding an individual who chose to send a young animal to pasture. The population had no confidence in the heatherland and thought the beasts would all die of hunger one day or the other. A field of twenty acres was enclosed and the cattle turned in. The result was brilliant. During the whole year, except the last month, the animals were able to gain enough food from the ground, and at the end of the season they were sold at a gross profit of about £80. The meadow itself underwent a complete transformation. White clover everywhere began to extend and good grasses came with it. Naturally, this method of manage-

ment was continued and became more successful year by year, so that in 1906 there were some parts which could not only compete with any old pasture, but were better because the grasses composing it were more varied. Thus the number of the animals at pasture was raised, and the population began to develop a great confidence in



The Netherlands Heather Society of Arnhem.

FARM BUILDINGS ON A RECLAIMED ESTATE.

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the affair, and to send their beasts. To-day (this was written in 1906) a hundred head of cattle belonging to the peasants could be found on the meadows in places where formerly a surface a thousand times greater was needed to keep them alive.

The most important part of the reclamation we reserve for the end. That is, the preparation of soil for the ordinary crops of the farm. The reader should keep well in his mind the character of the land, which is low-lying, but with parts rising a little above the general level. These are naturally the dryer parts and therefore the most suitable for the plough. The soil is moved a little less deeply than for planting trees, the furrow being about 12 in. In order to facilitate work the area is fixed at about 10 yd. and, naturally, there is no need to take so much trouble about drying as when it is a matter of forestry. The manure used was composed of about a ton of lime, a ton of kainit and a ton of slag, which were spread during the winter. In the spring the soil was inoculated with material consisting of compost or of earth taken from a patch that had been some little time in cultivation. Then the land is rolled with a spiked roller, an American machine which admirably finishes the work that has been done by the plough. The first crop sown is one of lupines, the seed used being about 100 lb. to the acre. In spring the lupines after flowering are ploughed in, and the ground sown with the cereal most suitable to it. In doing this it is possible to obtain immediately an excellent harvest of grain, which actually yields more profit than that obtained by ordinary farming.

## PERIOD OF INCUBATION IN THE GREAT CRESTED GREBE

I WAS very interested to read the observations of your correspondent Mr. George Bolam on the above, and have pleasure in replying to his queries as far as space will permit. In the first place, I must say that the statement of your correspondent (quoted from his letter) to the effect that "The temperature of grebe's nests, as has been long known, is maintained above that of the surrounding water by the hot-bed-like conditions of the decaying weeds of which they are composed. This, independently of the heat derived from the incubating bird. Can it be possible that some fluctuation in the heat-producing powers of the 'hot-bed' may accelerate or retard the hatching of the eggs for a few days?" is one that I cannot accept. I am afraid that this extract is, like many other statements, often accepted as a fact because it is seen in print over the name of some writer on bird life who has no special knowledge of enzymic chemistry. Errors often repeated occasionally become accepted as facts, and receive further credence with each quotation if undisputed. I cannot do better than quote an extract from an able article on the great crested grebe by O. J. Wilkinson in the October number of *Wild Life*, page 122-123, as follows:

"It has been suggested that there is a certain amount of fermentation taking place during incubation in the material of which the nest is constructed, and that the nest acts as a hot-bed which assists incubation. This is an assumption with which I cannot quite agree. Crested grebes construct their nests from dead, rotting or rotted material taken from the bed of the lake, and which has probably remained there for a very considerable time and becoming practically rotted

out. This material is, as is all vegetable matter, composed of cellulose ( $C_6H_{10}O_5$ ), which constitutes the framework of the vegetable world. The importance of the changes which accompany its decomposition and absorption into the cycle of life are of considerable moment, but it will suffice to say here that vegetation may decay both by fermentation under water, *i.e.*, under anaerobic conditions—or by decomposition under aerobic conditions, *i.e.*, in the presence of air. In either of these two cases the sap and more soluble parts are first bleached out, and the remaining cellulose or woody fibre slowly decays with evolution of gases. A chemical change therefore takes place in the breaking down of cellulose with the formation of various gaseous products, a change from the organic to the inorganic state. This change is extremely slow, and probably takes months, perhaps years, so that the evolution of heat, if any, must be so small as to be negligible in its effect upon eggs lying upon an open nest or covered by flimsy shreds."

With this opinion I entirely agree. I would also suggest that as the nest is occupied to all intents and purposes continually by one or the other of the parent birds from the beginning to the end of the incubation period, the body of the nest becomes warmed by the heat imparted from the sitting bird. I have felt several warm "occupied" grebe's nests, but have yet to find an unoccupied nest of the species which may be said to be in any degree warmer than the temperature of the surrounding water. I therefore am inclined to the opinion that hot-bed theory may be discounted. The nest may be maintained at a higher temperature than the surrounding water, *not* "independently of," but *on account of* "the heat derived from the incubating bird." With regard to the duration of the incubation period, I cannot quite accept your correspondent's statement that the nest "did not yet contain eggs," when he "passed in a boat a few days later," for he informs us that he "did not actually touch it." Nor does it follow that because "one egg was clean on May 1st, and therefore presumably fresh," incubation was only four days advanced, as would be the case if they were hatched by the 12th, and "the period of incubation could not have been more than sixteen or seventeen days at the most." I would rather take it that eggs were present in the nest when "passed in a boat." Is it not reasonable to suggest that on April 21st the birds were simply adding to—as they constantly do—an already finished nest containing eggs, for your contributor does not say that he examined the nest? If this be so, then incubation may have been about normal. With regard to the second nest found on May 12th, we are told that, "four eggs were afterwards laid," but not *when* they were laid. Why does he fix the 20th as the commencement of incubation? Is he sure that the birds did not lay the first egg on the 13th, the second on the 14th, and that incubation did not start from the latter date? If this were so, then the period would again be about normal.

In the case of the third nest, it seems strange that the two eggs should be "both rather soiled when first found on May 25th," and that two more should be laid between then and the 28th; for I should conclude that the first two had already been sat upon for some time before the 25th. Were the last two eggs also soiled when found on the 28th to the same extent as the first two were on the 25th? He states, "On June 12th all four eggs were found to have recently hatched." How was this established? Were the four young ones seen, or were the shells of all four eggs found on the nest? If the facts are correct, then the variation is even greater than your correspondent makes out, for I have established the period as being from twenty-six to twenty-eight days. Surely there cannot be such a discrepancy of from two to four weeks. We are not told anything as to the weather conditions prevailing during the periods when the several nests were under observation. If it were very fine, warm, sunny weather, it might account for the difference of a day or so, *but not* for a week or ten days. It is quite an ordinary occurrence for various birds to hatch either a day or two before or beyond the normal period, but not to vary to the above extent. Crested grebes, I believe, commence incubation when the first egg is laid; some other species do not commence incubation until the full clutch is completed. As clutches vary, then so will the period of incubation vary according to the number of eggs laid. This will account for some slight variation in the case of the grebe; but before commenting further I shall be pleased to hear what your correspondent has to say in reply to the above.

CHARLES R. BROWN.

## NATURE IN HYDE PARK

SIGNS of spring, in spite of untoward weather and a renewed threat of winter, are discernible in Hyde Park just now. And especially is this the case with the black-headed gulls, which, all through the cold season, have been thronging the Serpentine and the Round Pond, clustering in the air round people who feed them, making wonderful catches—the bolder of them even taking fish out of a man's hand, swooping at it as they pass—and filling the air with their clamour. At the end of January these gulls were without the neat black caps which they assume in spring, when they put on their breeding plumage. The only indication of the cap at that period was the usual thin, vertical black cheek mark which the adults bear. Here and there, if you looked very closely, you might see among the company a gull which displayed a very faint, almost imperceptible darkening of the head feathering. The change came quickly when it did come. At the beginning of March, after an absence of a month, the writer found nearly all the adult gulls provided with the neat black caps, or rather masks, from which this species takes its English name. Their throngs were much

diminished; evidently a large number of the birds had gone off to their nesting haunts; and as the month of March advanced they became yet fewer. Not being a resident in London I am uncertain whether or no a small remnant remains about the Serpentine throughout the spring and summer. The change from the white to the black head of this gull is very rapid. Old-fashioned fisherfolk will tell you that it happens in a single night. That, of course, is an exaggeration. The moult, for it is really a moult, takes, in fact, about a week. The French-grey mantle is also assumed at the spring change of costume, and the legs and bill, which have faded somewhat after the autumn moult, are at their richest lake red. The so-called black head, by the way, is not a real intense black, but a very dark brown. The full adult breeding plumage is said to be assumed by these birds at the end of the second year; but in captivity it has been observed that the change did not take place until the gull was four years old. In August the autumn moult begins, the dark mask is discarded and the duller costume of winter takes the place of the handsome spring display. This gull is known also, from its



hoarse, cackling cry, as the laughing gull, and in some localities as the peewit gull; while other vernacular appellations are black cap, sea crow, rickmire, hooded maw and red legs. These birds nest in huge colonies or gulleries, of which many are to be found in different parts of Britain. Very possibly our friends from the Serpentine have gone off to Romney Marsh, or Poole, or the Essex or Norfolk coast, which are probably the nearest black-headed gulleries to London. But it is impossible to say, for this species ranges far over the world and extends its peregrinations to Nubia, Palestine, Asia Minor, Persia and even India.

I think the various ducks maintained on the waters of the Serpentine are relieved when the main body of the gulls take their departure. The gulls are very greedy, very clamorous and very insistent, and capture a large proportion of the food brought to the shores of the Hyde Park waters. The ornamental fowl on the Serpentine are well worth studying, by the way, for they include some of the finest of our British wild ducks. Here, besides the common wild duck, or mallard, a very handsome species, you may see the splendid sheldrake, the shoveller, the tufted duck, the teal, wigeon, pintail and the pochard. Not always or often is it given, even to the naturalist and sportsman, to be able to study these splendid wildfowl in their spring plumage so closely and with such ease. For on the Serpentine, so tame are they from feeding, that they are swimming about constantly within a few feet of the watcher. You may note the various habits and idiosyncrasies of the fowl, while your eyes rest on the splendour of their plumage. See, for example, how curiously the gay sheldrake and his mate move their broad bills on the surface of the water as they dabble for their food, working with a very singular lateral or sideways movement which you do not observe in other waterfowl. The process reminds one rather of the scooping, sidelong methods of the avocet when working in shallow water.

As one walks from the Serpentine through Kensington Gardens towards the old palace beloved of William III and the earlier Georges, some of these wild duck, evidently fighting between the Round Pond and the Long Water or Serpentine, come rattling among the elm trees at a great pace, accurately dodging the timber with extreme precision

and offering wonderfully sporting shots if one had but a gun in one's hand. So have I seen Egyptian geese and the curious widow tree ducks flying among the timber, for the most part tall motjeeri trees or giraffe acacias, near my camps on the Botletli River in far away Ngamiland, where with a friend I was outspanned with our hunting wagons during a big game expedition. Never since those pleasant, if strenuous, days have I seen wildfowl fly at such a pace through timber as in Hyde Park last week.

There is an abundance of water in this fine open space for even more wildfowl than are to be seen at present. The Serpentine has an area of 32 acres, the Long Water 9 acres, and the Round Pond 7 acres. A few coots and moorhens are also to be seen on these waters. Whether these have been introduced or are indigenous I know not. Moorhens have the knack of finding their way to different waters in spite of almost insuperable difficulties.

When watching the black-headed gulls taking sprats from a man's fingers at the Round Pond recently, I was struck by the extraordinary coolness of some wild wood-pigeons. These birds, which now swarm in the parks of London, have almost completely lost their fear of man. There was quite a crowd at the Round Pond watching the gulls and their charming flight. But several wood-pigeons were walking about within a yard or two of the folk picking up bits of bread and biscuit. Some had developed a new habit and were wading about in the shallow water retrieving dainties from the ponds—a very curious spectacle!

A blue tit or two were to be seen in Kensington Gardens, and the shrill spring call of this bird was to be heard very distinctly. As I wended my way back eastward I saw the usual four or five rabbits feeding quietly in the Dell, that pleasant oasis where they and their progenitors have made their abode for years past. Here, too, was the solitary heron, which has made this spot his own and is to be so often seen there. The observer of wild life, if he keeps his eyes open, may at times see even more curious sights than this. Within the last month or so a sparrow hawk had taken up his abode in the Park, and was seen by more than one spectator to strike down a sparrow for his morning meal. H. A. BRYDEN.

## IN THE GARDEN

### SPRING CYCLAMENS AND GRAPE HYACINTHS.

BY GERTRUDE JEKYLL.

SOME of the hardy Cyclamens flower in the late autumn, but there are two species that are essentially flowers of spring. *C. Coum*, a native of Asia Minor and Southern

Europe, is in bloom in February and March. It is a short growing plant, scarcely over 3in. in height, and has dark crimson flowers and leathery, roundish leaves, which, though they are faintly clouded with lighter colour, are wanting in the distinct whitish marbling that is so attractive in the foliage of some of the other species. There is a good white variety. *C. ibericum* is a larger plant, with better marked leaves and

rose red flowers that have deep red purple colouring at the base. It is thought by some to deserve specific rank, but botanists consider that it is a form of *C. Coum*. *C. alpinum*, from the Taurus Mountains, is either another form of *C. Coum* or closely allied. In this the flowers are pink or white. In the open garden the plants should be in a sheltered nook in rockwork where

there is thorough drainage, and it is all the better if they can have some kind of overhead protection. The tubers root from the base, and should be planted from 2in. to 3in. underground. *C. repandum* is the pretty species that is commonly called *C. vernalis* in gardens. It grows in the hilly wastes of Southern Italy and is in bloom from March to May. The flowers of the type are pink or rosy, with bright purple at the base. There is a



Reginald A. Malby.

A GROUP OF CYCLAMEN COUM.

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good white variety. It roots at the base of the tuber, and should be planted 3in. to 4in. deep.

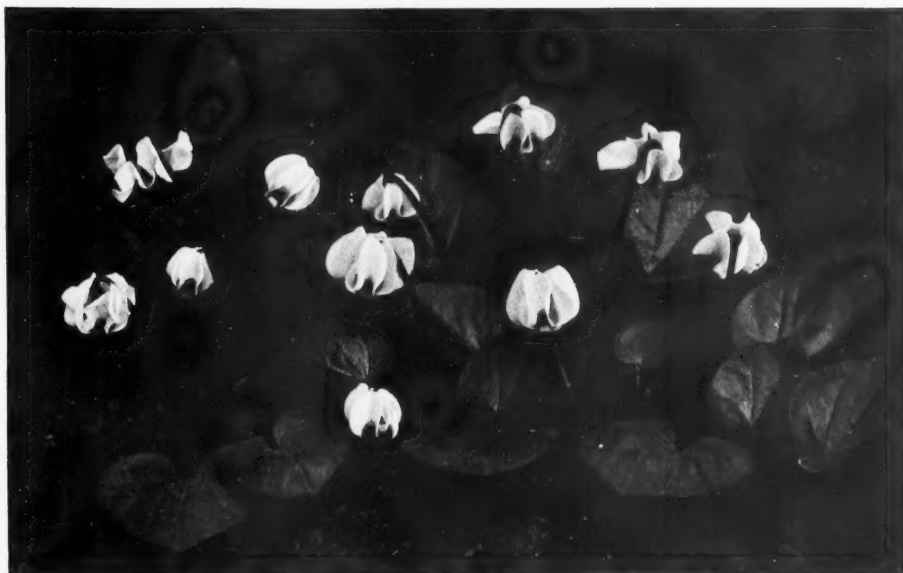
It is always a delight to see in February the closely packed heads of *Hyacinthus azureus*, quite surprising in their clear brightness of light sky-blue colouring. This class of *Hyacinth* is so closely allied to the *Muscari* and so nearly resembles them in form and general appearance that they may be considered as one class of bulb for garden purposes. Of the true *Muscari* there are two that stand out as the most desirable. The first is *M. botryoides*, with its well filled spikes of bloom and neat leaves carried upright, a distinguishing character in this species. It is in three varieties, all of value, namely, the type blue purple, a paler blue purple and a capital white. The second is *M. conicum*, and especially the fine garden variety called *Heavenly Blue*, a remarkably good garden plant. The foliage has not the brisk, alert carriage of that of *botryoides*—it is longer and more lax; but when a patch is well established, the mass of large bloom a foot high, of splendid purple blue, is an arresting sight. These two are by far the best as garden plants. There is the well known *M. racemosum*, something like a smaller *conicum* and very sweetly scented. This is the one most commonly seen, but in some soils it increases so fast that it becomes troublesome. It is more a plant for the wild garden. There is a humble looking *Grape Hyacinth*, *M. moschatum*, that should be grown for the sake of its powerful fragrance. It has no effect in the garden, but the roundish head of bloom is interesting to examine closely in the hand because of the curious gradation of clouded colouring of purplish and greenish yellow.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### THE TREE MALLOW.

SIR,—I enclose a leaf of the tree mallow. It is a very rare plant according to Professor John H. Balfour in "The Bass Rock," which was printed in 1847. This plant used to grow on Inch Garvie (on which the central section of the Forth Bridge now stands) and Inch Mickrie, but has died out, and the only other place besides the Bass where it grew in Scotland was Ailsa Craig. It is a biennial and its classical name is *Lavatera arborea*.—ANDREW Y. WHYTE, Bass Rock Lighthouse.

[This plant may be rare in Scotland, but it is fairly common on the English coast. Around Ventnor, Isle of Wight, for instance, it is plentiful in rocky places. It shows a decided preference for a sheltered ledge and is not as hardy as it is generally supposed to be. Although a biennial it frequently succumbs to the first winter even at Kew. It is certainly very singular that a native plant which occurs wild in Scotland, should fail to reach its flowering stage in Surrey, nevertheless it is often the case with *Lavatera arborea*.—ED.]



CYCLAMEN COUM, WHITE VARIETY.



HYACINTHUS AZUREUS.



Reginald A. Malby.

THE WHITE MUSCARI BOTRYOIDES.

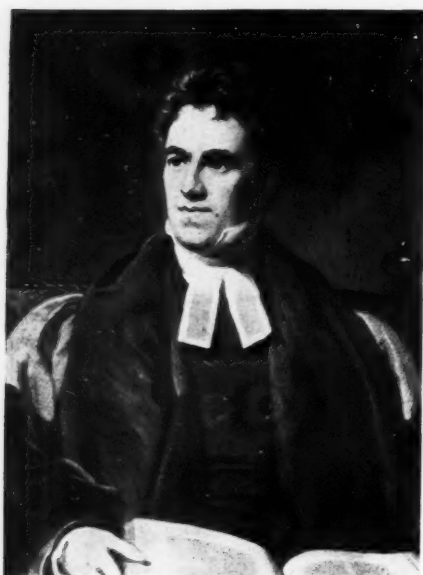
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# ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOLS

## VIII.—RUGBY

BY ALFRED OLLIVANT

IN the days of our fathers there were five recognised great English Public Schools: Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Rugby and Charterhouse; and in the general estimation they took precedence as above. To-day there must be nearly fifty schools whose scholars claim the title of Public School men; and a round dozen of them at least



G. A. Dean.

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THOMAS ARNOLD, D.D.

(From an engraving by Cousins of the portrait by T. Phillips.)

challenge proudly and with right the supremacy of their older rivals. Of these new schools that have arisen within the memory of man, Rugby may fairly claim to be the foster-mother of the greatest. She sent Butler and Bradby to Haileybury; Cotton and Bradley to Marlborough; Benson to Wellington; Percival to Clifton.

And yet if other schools owe Rugby much, to two of her ancient

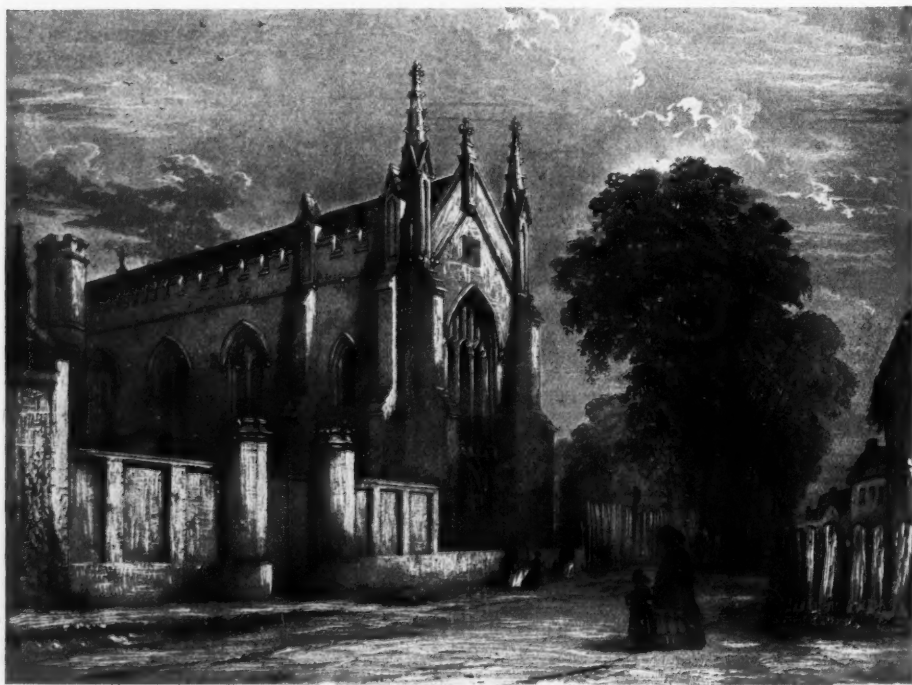
fellows she owes little less than all. In 1778, when the boys were just abandoning cocked hats and queues, Eton sent her the first of her long succession of great Headmasters—Dr. Thomas James. He brought with him much of the atmosphere and tradition of his old school, starting "dames" houses, and originating a time-table



QUEEN ADELAIDE AT THE FOOTBALL MATCH AT RUGBY, OCTOBER, 1839.

(From a drawing by Miss Jane Arnold.)

which largely holds good to-day. An Etonian succeeded him; then came two Wykehamists, the last of them Arnold of immortal fame.



THE OLD SCHOOL CHAPEL IN 1841.

"THE LIGHTS COME OUT IN THE STREET,  
IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM WINDOWS—BUT COLD,  
SOLEMN, UNLIGHTED, AUSTERE,

THROUGH THE GATHERING DARKNESS, ARISE  
THE CHAPEL-WALLS, IN WHOSE BOUND  
THOU, MY FATHER! ART LAID."

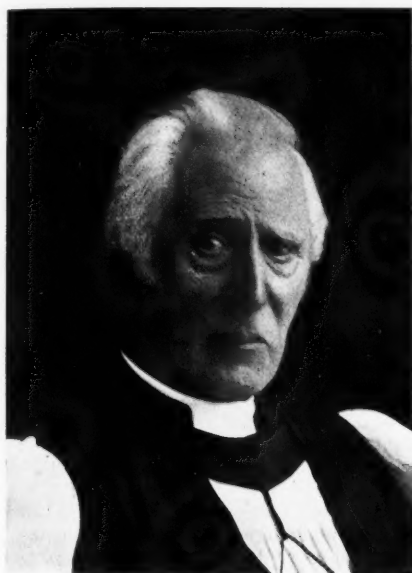
(Matthew Arnold, "Rugby Chapel," November, 1857.)

Of the dim and turbulent centuries that preceded the advent of James I, as he is called by modern Rugbeians, little is known to the outside world, and not a great deal even to Rugbeians.

About the year 1567 our religious founder, Laurence Sheriffe, perhaps a native of Rugby, certainly a citizen and grocer of London, left by his will money to build a fair and convenient schoolhouse to serve chiefly for the children of Rugby and Brownsover, and a salary of £12 yearly for an honest, discreet, and learned master. The first considerable and successful Headmaster, Henry Holyoake, Fellow of Magdalen, was appointed in 1687 and reigned for forty-three years. And the school was by that time the leading school in the Midlands.

In 1778, as has been said, James I, of Eton and King's, began his memorable reign, and made the school, it has been recorded, the Eton of the North. It was in the days of his successor, Ingles, that the

Great Rebellion took place. One Astley, who had a blood-feud with the Black Tiger, as the Headmaster was called, blew in his enemy's study door with a petard. Then with the help of his schoolfellows he looted the study and made a bonfire of his Headmaster's books. The Black Tiger sent for the soldiers who were quartered in the town. The mutineers rang the school-bell to rally the school, and retreated in good order to the Island in the Close, led by Willoughby Cotton, afterwards to win further military honours on more glorious fields. The Island was surrounded by a deep moat across which was a draw-bridge that the mutineers raised. The Black Tiger advanced across the Close at the head of the red-coats with fixed bayonets and a rabble of horse-copers armed with whips and gathered in the town for the November Fair. The Island was surrounded. A Justice of the Peace read the Riot Act to the mutineers across the moat; and as he was doing so the soldiers with fixed bayonets and the horse-copers with their whips waded across the moat and took the position in the rear. It was a sporting little affair, typical of that rough adventurous spirit which has characterised Rugbeians ever since.



DR. PERCIVAL.

give him your reasons for abstinence; a kind of workman among Public School men, better fitted for the camp than the drawing-room.

Certainly most of us would be prepared to admit that the Rugbeian to-day is as a whole more democratic than his contemporaries of Eton and Winchester—it may be in part owing to the tradition that now for nearly a century has sent time after time a Liberal to fill the chair of Arnold. And we cannot forget that Tom Hughes was one of that little group of Christian Socialists who, with Maurice and Charles Kingsley, first essayed to wake England to the needs of the masses; while in our day William Temple, R. N. Tawney and one of the Butlers have been largely responsible for perhaps the most hopeful educational movement our modern world has seen—the Workers' Education Association.

Exactly fifty years after the coming of James, Arnold succeeded Wooll as Headmaster; and with Arnold began not only the greater Rugby, but the Public School system as we know it to-day.

It is a commonplace of science that an organism's chance of survival depends

Every great school puts its stamp indelibly on its sons; and in the eyes of the world for many generations the Rugbeian has stood for a type as distinctive as Adam: a rough and ready person; lacking in grace and charm; industrious, indomitable; a surly fellow, but honest withal; prone to pray himself and prone to see that you pray too, or



THE NEW CHAPEL.

largely on its capacity to adapt itself to its ever changing environment. In modern society that environment alters with ever increasing swiftness. Can the Public School system, rooted in tradition, wedded to the past, so adapt itself to new conditions as to survive?

It is ill to prophesy; but if, as the writer believes, the inward and spiritual history of a school is to be read most clearly in the evolution of the clothes of its scholars, then Rugby is moving on.

In the days of Tom Brown top-hats were the only wear. In Tait's time straw-hats were allowed in the Close during summer-term, but never caps. In Temple's day top-hats were only worn on Sunday, save by the new boys who wore them for a year or less, according to their house, to mark their mean estate. In the humaner eighties they were worn on Sundays only by all boys. And to-day those much bespunged toppers, which in my time were wont to wander so gracefully a-down the burbling reaches of the Brook Kedron on Sunday afternoons, have ceased to be, save for a few selected specimens preserved in the Art Museum.

And the evolution of Rugby's game of football has been just as swift, since that great day in 1823 when one William Webb Ellis, to quote from the tablet on Doctor's Wall, "with a fine disregard for the rules of football as played in his day first took the ball in his arms and ran with it." Football has remained ever since the school game *par excellence*. In those days it was unfashionable elsewhere. At the Universities and Public Schools it was played little if at all; though Eton and Winchester had a



G. A. Dean.

SCHOOL HOUSE AND CHAPEL FROM CLOSE.

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KENNETH POWELL.

game of their own, which never spread. The game evolved in the Close at Rugby gradually captured the other Public Schools, the Universities, the Nation, and finally the Empire. When my father-in-law was at Rugby in the forties the great match seems to have been the Schoolhouse v. the World.

Price-ites sound your battle-notes, Clear, Congrevites, the way!

For we will fight with all our might Against the School to-day.

There were about 100 "caps" in the school, and the "cap" was the only football distinction. There was no School XI

I do not suppose that in those days he was in more than his middle fifties, but to us he was an ancient, for his hair was white and his shoulders bowed. And a more striking old man you can hardly conceive. His face had something of the austere and terrible beauty of the blind poet of Puritanism. And I should say that he had much of Milton's spirit. A great man certainly, probably the greatest Headmaster of his day, forcible, ruthless, most just, he seemed to some of us to lack those qualities of intuition, sympathy and humour which distinguished the greatest of his predecessors. Well I remember my only interview with him.



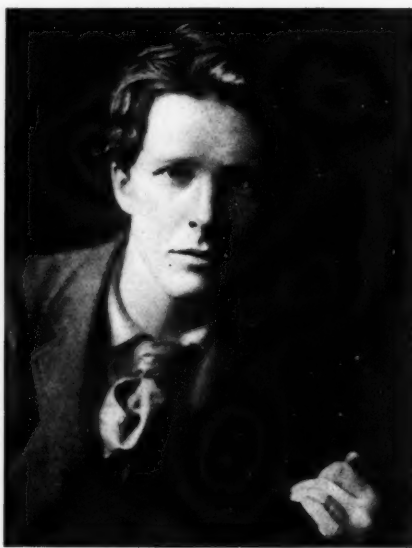
RONALD POULTON.

and no foreigners. The ball was round. You were free to handle it, and you brought down your man with a hack, a trip, or collar. After a "fair catch," you made your mark and could then punt or drop. But only goals counted. At Bigside matches, in which the "caps" played, the rest of the school stood in goal and joined in only when the goal was threatened. And in the fifties, when my father was at the school, the game had altered little.

When I went to Rugby in the late eighties, Dr. Percival had just started on his career as Headmaster. And a splendid and unforgettable figure he made; creeping about the Close in that curious tumble-down way of his, a battered top-hat a-cock on his white hair, his toes turned in, and in his hand the thongless hunting-crop with which he belaboured, not the boys, but the ancient yellow war-horse which three times a week trundled him out of our world and back again in one hour and one quarter's time.

The President of Trinity, Oxford, was sent to purge the school, and he purged it. We, the purged, did not, perhaps, entirely appreciate the process. Indeed, the small boys of the lower and middle school looked on the Headmaster as a kind of Alva. But if we feared him, we respected him. Dimly we recognised that he was the right man in the right place, and we felt a proud certainty that no one but Rugbeians could have endured the iron discipline under which we believed ourselves to live.

And we never looked on him as an alien. It was not only that he had learned his business at Rugby years before, but that we felt his temper and our own were akin. He was hard, stern, and a Puritan. And we believed ourselves to be the same. Because he was a Puritan he abolished many of our cherished idols: our coloured football stockings that made the Close gorgeous on Bigsides in autumn, various of our cap ornaments and the like; but his sumptuary laws were all in the direction of simplicity and ease.



Sherrill Schell.

RUPERT BROOKE.

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I had won a little prize—my first, and spent all my leisure hours at Laurence's, the school bookseller, choosing it from selected volumes. After weeks of patient labour I found a binding to my taste. It was chocolate in hue and pleasant to the touch; it smelt delicious, had a gold rim, and on its fat side was emblazoned the school coat-of-arms. The book inside the binding was *The Ingoldsby Legends*. That was immaterial. No right-minded boy, then or now, ever read a prize. That was not what prizes were for. Prizes were to take home to your mother, who, after you had showed them to the servants, put them along with other prizes, if there were any, on a shelf by themselves in the mahogany book-case in the drawing-room and pointed out the backs of them to the visitors who came to tea.

I took my little prize and with proud and tumultuous heart crept up the Headmaster's stairs, that led direct from the Close to the outside door of his study, and knocked.

"Come in," said a somewhat nasal voice.

The great man with his majestic head of a white eagle stood behind his table. I explained with timid complacency that I had come for his signature to my prize.

He took the book and sniffed, as none but Dr. Percival ever sniffed before or since. Then he sat down and wrote his little bit of Latin in the appointed place. He never looked at the binding, never so much as smelled it; he turned the pages with withering contempt, and handed the book back to me.

"I don't think much o' your ta-aste, Ollivant," was his solitary comment in broad Northumbrian accent.

Thereafter I did not seek his company; nor he, to be just, mine. Moreover, shortly afterwards I moved into the Army Class. And it was common knowledge in the school that the Headmaster was in the habit of referring to his budding warriors as "Those sons of Belial, the A-army Class." We

of course, in our humble way, attempted to live up to our reputation. True, we achieved but little, though the more daring spirits flaunted in their pockets a sporting paper which the great man had banned as "that obscure publication, *The Pink One*." And it was pleasing to our self-esteem to find the sober classical Vith regarding us with the morbid and sorrowful interest of the "unco guid" watching a flight of young gallows-birds making headlong for the scaffold.

I wonder how many of that little band of Army Class boys survive. The dust of most of them strews the outposts of Empire and that far-flung battle-line which to-day stretches without break from the North Sea to the Tigris and beyond, while their illustrious names line that upper room in the New Quad where they prepared themselves for the sacrifice which the great majority were in after years to be called upon to make.

Dr. Percival was the outstanding personality at Rugby in my day. Few men or boys loved him; none, I think, but respected, while not a few admired him. And no Rugbeian questions the debt of gratitude the school owes him. He may be said indeed to be the maker of modern Rugby. And just as there is an Arnold tradition and a Temple tradition, so already there is arising in the school a Percival tradition too.

Not the least thing he did for the school was to alter the position of the school-swell. In our day at Rugby the school-swell was almighty. The masters, the Vith, the Queen-Empress herself upon her throne, were nothing to the Captain of the XV. Sometimes he abused his power, sometimes he did not, but there is no question that during the easy and benevolent sway of Dr. Percival's predecessor he had swollen to gargantuan proportions in his own eyes and those of his fellows. He wore buttonholes and coloured ties; he had prerogatives and privileges. Of these, perhaps the most cherished was the right to walk up chapel on Sunday afternoons last and if possible alone. The lower and middle school had to be in their seats, according to school-law, directly the chapel-doors opened a quarter of an hour before service began. Then came the house-swells, caps, XXII's, Viths. After that was a hushed and breathless pause. Then, as the bell ceased to toll, the slow procession of the heavy swells, who had been manœuvring outside the chapel for the last place, entered with deliberate pace and slow.

It was a moving spectacle.

The last and perhaps the greatest of these immortals were Astley and Peacock Jackson, both in Whitelaw's House. Astley was captain of the XV and champion heavy weight Public School boxer; Jackson captain of the XI. Punctually as the outer doors of the chapel closed, these two stately and tremendous figures emerged from the west door, bouquets in their buttonholes, and began their Potsdam march up the aisle, the eyes of 500 boys upon them in awe-ful adoration. It is said that on one occasion the pace set by the majestic goose-steppers was so slow that the most suave and long-suffering of Headmasters sent old Patey, the school-marshal for over forty years, after them up the aisle to ask them if they could see their way to hurry a little as he wanted the service to begin.

Dr. Percival killed the heavy swell. Since his days the "buck," as I believe the modern Rugbeian calls him, is a boy among boys, and not a god among mortals. And in the last twenty years the school athletes have excelled as never before: Victor Cartwright, the two Stoops, Ronald Poulton, Kenneth Powell, E. W. Dillon, all learned their craft in the Close. Certainly the times have changed. That lingering note of savagery which characterised the upper classes, and therefore the Public Schools, through the nineteenth century has died away. And it is hard for us to conceive that there may be Rugbeians still alive who remember when it was the custom for the fag to warm his master's bed of bitter winter nights by lying in it before the entry of his lord. In my time there was no bullying at Rugby, but on the other hand there were no Ronald Poultons, Rupert Brookes, and Kenneth Powells. These men stand for something new in the history of the school. They represent the spirit of the twentieth century, a graciousness, a tolerance, a human sympathy, unknown to us of the older generation.

And these three great ones I have named, if they were the chief, were also but the children of their time. All three, with hundreds more who were used with them to answer Calling Over in Old Big School, have fallen victims to that eruption

of animalism which is the antithesis of everything for which their large and generous natures stood. They and their fellows have fought the good fight and finished their course, almost before the echo of their schoolboy feet has died in Quad and Cloister; but they are surely with us still—

Marching at dusk across the Close in column,  
Mud-stained and triumphant from the trenches where they bled,  
Endless Battalions, in the listening twilight,  
Swinging home at evening, the Army of our Dead.

[The portrait of Arnold, the sketch of Queen Adelaide, and the view of the old chapel are reproduced by the courtesy of Mr. F. Sidgwick from his edition of "Tom Brown's School Days."]

## THREE ORIGINAL RECIPES

I AM much interested in the various recipes which appear from time to time in COUNTRY LIFE, and enclose three of my own, thinking they may be of use to amateur cooks among your readers. During the last few months I have been experimenting in bread-making, both white and wholemeal, but I was very loth to begin, for I did not wish either to go to the expense of a bread-maker, or to add kneading to an already somewhat strenuous day. However, I tried mixing in the same way as for pastry, and after one or two attempts I hit on the appended, which turned out so satisfactory that I have used these proportions since. When baked the bread weighs 10lb., and it keeps quite fresh—in bread pan, of course—for a week. I have mentioned the "wash basin" for two reasons; in these days we should say, before buying, "Is there nothing in the house that will do?" also, it serves the purpose excellently, being nice and open for cutting out the dough. As regards ovens, any small one will bake, if the heat is sufficient. My range is far from being the newest make, and the oven barely 16in. square; it takes a little arranging to get all the tins in—I use four—and those in the hottest part must come out a few minutes before the others, care being taken to rearrange quickly in order not to change the heat of oven. A cook should have a quick hand and a cool head! The "gravy" will do for using with any cold meat, but is specially nice with remnants of leg of mutton, and it is surprising what an amount of meat may still be on a joint which is quite unrepresentative for the lunch table. If an extra pint of water be used and one or two more tomatoes, this makes a very nice tomato soup, but it should then be put through a finer sieve. The little scones are very nice eaten with syrup, and in the absence of a proper scone cutter, a round canister lid will serve the purpose.

1. *Bread without Kneading*.—Seven pounds of flour (either all white or 3½lb. of white and 3½lb. of fine wholemeal), 2oz. of fresh yeast, one dessert-spoonful of salt, 3 pints of quite hot water and 1 pint of cold milk, mixed. Put the flour and salt into a pan—a bedroom wash basin will do if large enough to allow for rising—and mix very thoroughly. Work the yeast to a thin cream with a little of the warm milk and water, then pour back into the jug and stir well. Make a hole in the middle of the flour, and pour in the milk and water slowly, stirring the flour in gradually from the sides with a large fork, and using the hands as for pastry when the mixture becomes too stiff for the fork, working in all remnants of flour till smooth. Cover with a thick flannel cloth, and place quite near the fire, out of all draught, for about two hours. Well grease the tins with lard or margarine, cut the dough straight from the pan; half fill the tins, using a fork for pressing down; prick well, and put at once into the bottom of a thoroughly hot oven. After half an hour a little less heat is necessary, but the oven must not get cool. Bake from one and a quarter to one and a half hours, according to size. If the oven is very hot, cover the top of each tin with greased paper.

2. *Oatmeal Scones* (sufficient for about two dozen).—Twelve ounces of flour, 4oz. of fine oatmeal, 2oz. of lard, a teaspoonful of salt, a dessert-spoonful of baking powder and half a pint of cold milk. Mix thoroughly the flour, oatmeal, salt and baking powder. Add the lard, breaking up with the hands until there are no lumps. Make a hole in the middle, pour in milk slowly, stirring all the time with a fork until smooth. Shake flour on pastry-board and rolling pin, roll out till a quarter of an inch thick, cut with a scone cutter (price about 3d.), prick twice with a fork, and bake for about eight minutes in a thoroughly hot oven. Anything with baking powder as an ingredient should be put into the oven at once, or it will not rise nicely.

3. *Gravy for Hash or Mince*.—A few cooked bones quite free from fat (if a marrow-bone is used saw it through to boil out the goodness), a large onion, a large carrot (or more according to family), a tomato, a teaspoonful of salt, as much pepper as will lie on a sixpence, three good tablespoonfuls of seed tapioca, a little gravy browning (penny packets of brown gravy salt can be bought), and three pints of water or stock. Put cold water or stock into a stewpan, add first the tapioca to soak for fifteen minutes before boiling, then add everything else, slicing the onion and cutting the carrot and tomato into quarters. Put the pan on the fire, bring it to the boil, and allow it to simmer for three hours, stirring occasionally to prevent the tapioca from "catching." When ready for use, remove the carrots and keep warm to place round the dish. Pour all the rest through the colander into a basin, and allow it to stand for five minutes, when a thin skin of fat will rise and can be easily removed. Put back into the pan as much as is required, add the slices of meat, and leave for ten minutes in a hot place to warm thoroughly, but it must not boil, or the meat will be tough. If there is enough cold meat to make a mince for the following day, put aside a little of the gravy, and, when required, bring to the boil, put in the mince, and keep hot but not boiling. Place small pieces of toast round the dish.

CHARLOTTE J. COOKE.





THE house of Trelowarren is set in a rolling and richly wooded park entered from the road which runs from Helston to St. Keverne. With the possible exceptions of the families of Arundell and Trefusis, the Vyvyans have the longest pedigree in the male line of any Cornish house. The name has all the glamour of Arthurian legend. When Lyonesse was submerged a Vyvyan escaped by the strength of his horse and landed near Perran Uthnoe. This may sound too vague a story to be set down alongside more serious records, but at least it was devoutly believed by many generations of Vyvyans. We are on more solid historical ground when we come to a Ralph, son of Vyvyan, who lived in the reign of King John. His son was Sir Vyell Vyvyan of Trevidren, in Saint Buryan, who married a daughter of Christopher, Earl of Kildare, and was alive in the middle of Henry III's reign. Trevidren has remained nearly eight centuries in Vyvyan possession. Even these forebears of the present owner of Trelowarren show very misty outlines against the background of Cornish history, and the name did not take root at Trelowarren until John Vyvyan, sixth in descent from Sir Vyell of

Henry III's reign, married Honor, heiress of Richard Ferrers, in Henry VI's reign. (The name was often spelt in the more familiar manner with "i's" instead of "y's" in earlier days, but the present spelling seems to have been settled at the beginning of the eighteenth century.) The early history of Trelowarren shows that in 1227 it was held by Robert Cardinan, and that it passed to the Ferrers family two generations later by the marriage of Isolda Cardinan to Sir William Ferrers. Their descendant, Richard Ferrers, held the manor in 1426, and it was his daughter Honor who brought Trelowarren into the Vyvyan family. It is worth noting that Trelowarren has always passed by direct inheritance. The first Vyvyan baronet was Sir Richard, Master of the Mint at Exeter during the Civil Wars, and a stout man for the king. He married Mary Bulteel, but their son, Sir Vyell, died without issue about 1697 and was succeeded by his nephew, Sir Richard. His devotion to the Stewart cause led him into pretty trouble. Until comparatively modern times Cornwall was not only royalist to the bone but as strongly devoted to Rome as it afterwards was to John Wesley. During the Great Rebellion Cornwall was solid for Charles







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OUTER DOOR OF CHAPEL.

• "COUNTRY LIFE."

the Martyr. A Grenville, a Trevanion, a Slanning, and a Godolphin were "the four wheels of Charles's Wain." Braddock Down, Stratton and Lansdowne were battlefields wet with Cornish blood, and none of the four survived.

When William III landed at Brixham nearly fifty years later Cornishmen did not give him the welcome he got from Devonians, but there was no rising. Things were more lively, however, when James III (as many Cornishmen still call the Old Pretender) headed the rising of 1715. Strategically their great distance from the main theatre of operations in Scotland made the attempt an almost impossible enterprise. It had been arranged that the Duke of Ormond should land in Cornwall or Devon, and seize Plymouth and other great cities of the West, but the scheme was bungled, and Colonel Maclean, certainly not a Cornishman, betrayed the whole affair. It had been arranged that Sir Richard Vyvyan should seize Plymouth, but the Hanoverians were too well informed and too quick. Sir Richard was arrested at Trelowarren and conveyed by water to Pendennis Castle and thence with his wife to the

For these particulars of Vyvyan history I am indebted in the main to Mr. Henry Jenner, who has devoutly garnered all there is to know of the last effort of Cornwall for the old faith and the old dynasty.

The next four baronets left no mark on history, but Sir Richard Rawlinson Vyvyan, who succeeded in 1820, was an interesting personality.



THE BELL-COTE OF 1698.

Like his forebears he was a Tory of a vigorous type. The present owner of Trelowarren is the son of Sir Richard's brother, and this year attains the ripe age of ninety.

I turn now from the family to their home. The county historians throw little light on the beginnings and growth of the building. Polwhele's "Antiquities of Cornwall" is concerned with early monuments only. Borlase happily gave an engraving (now reproduced) of Trelowarren as it looked about 1758, when his "Natural History of Cornwall" was published, but only as a compliment to Sir Richard Vyvyan: he tells us nothing of the building. Gilbert's "Parochial History of Cornwall" is vague and incoherent, but we gather something from it: "Sir Richard Vyvyan, fifth baronet, almost re-constructed the interior of the house about 1750, and great improvements have been made by



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FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Tower of London, where his daughter Ann was born soon afterwards. The seizure of Vyvyan broke the Stewart cause in Cornwall, but apparently his services as a member of parliament in Queen Anne's reign helped to absolve him, for he did not languish long in the Tower. Still better, there was a total lack of evidence against him because he had had time to destroy all incriminating papers. It may also have been in his favour that he was not a Catholic, as were most of the Cornish Jacobites.

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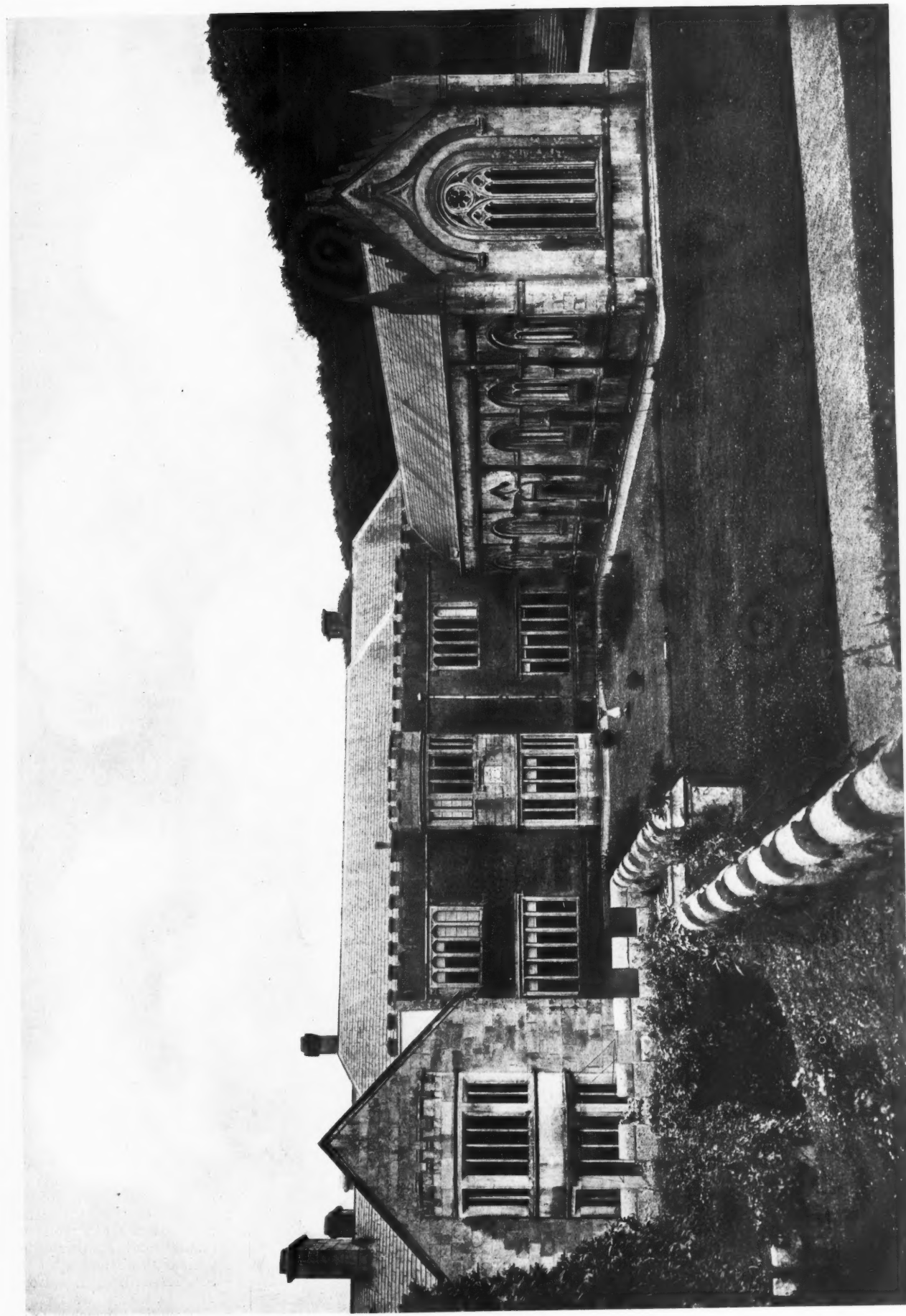


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BORLASE'S VIEW OF TRELOWARREN IN 1758.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE WEST SIDE.

Copyright.



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THE OLD PART OF THE CHAPEL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE BAY BUILT IN 1662.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

recent proprietors." A comparison of Borlase's print with the photograph printed beneath it throws some light on this bald narrative. Sir Richard made a clean sweep of the late mediæval interiors, and doubtless replaced them by the sound classical adornments of the current fashion. Externally, however, the house retained, as it still does, the general outline which it took when John Vyvyan married Honor Ferrers. We need not waste effort on imagining what manner of house stood on the site in earlier days. Trelowarren was part of Earl Harold's possessions before the Conquest, and there is only vague reference to the later ownership of the Cardinans whom the Ferrers succeeded. Probably the Borlase engraving shows the main part of the house as it was built by John Vyvyan after his marriage with the Ferrers heiress.

It is a commonplace of the history of houses that when a new man comes in and founds a new family he is apt to dip into his wife's fortune to signalise the fresh start in the history of the estate. The walls of the three chapel bays which adjoin the house are perhaps all of an earlier house that John Vyvyan left; but the tracery of their windows suggests the fifteenth century, and was probably inserted by him. Hals says that Francis Vyvyan, Sheriff of Cornwall in James I's reign, who was father of the first Sir Richard, made the first serious alteration to the mediæval house, and to Sir Richard himself we can ascribe the two-storied bay on the garden side, for on the parapet is carved the date 1662. The coat-of-arms beneath it is not significant because it was only lately found in the estate workshop and fixed on the bay.

The Sir Richard of the 'Fifteen rising added the stable block soon after he succeeded to the estate in 1697, and had the date 1698 carved on one end of it. The other end was re-built in 1882 and bears that date. Sir Richard's bell-cote is a charming piece of William and Mary design. The Borlase print shows that in 1758 five bays of the original chapel were standing, and the outer one was rebuilt and another added probably about 1780 by Sir Richard, fifth baronet. The extensive internal reconstruction which he is said to have done about 1750 has been altered in its turn to a large extent. The new work done to the chapel is a very good



example of the Gothic revival during the latter part of the eighteenth century. It might well have been designed by James Wyatt, but this is only a guess, as no evidence survives. In the new end bay the old work was followed as far as the designer understood it, but the frill of pinnacles on the west gable end reveals the gap between true Gothic work and its first revival. The inside of the chapel was wholly remodelled, and the detail of the seat canopies and ceiling, though rather wiry, is very good for the period. The architect, whether Wyatt or another, does not seem to have been let loose on the inside of the house, and the detail of the fireplace in the inner library, which is in the manner of the "English Empire," suggests that the next alterations were in the time of Sir Vyell, seventh baronet, who succeeded in 1814 and died in 1820. These attributions are necessarily tentative. The character of



LIBRARY FIREPLACE.

the Gothic revival during the first fifty years of the movement did not develop so distinctively as to make the suggestion of dates anything but a rather perilous adventure. Perhaps also before 1820 the east or entrance front was extended northwards by one bay, an enlargement to be noted by comparing Borlase's print with the picture below it, and the large north wing is also an addition of the nineteenth century. A little enclosed garden to the north-west of the house is surrounded by a stone balustrade which came from Nanshyden House.

Perhaps the most notable treasure in the house from the æsthetic point of view is the bed coverlet with bolster and pillow covers worked by Lady Vyvyan during her seclusion in the Tower of London, where she insisted on joining her husband, Sir Richard, third baronet, during his imprisonment. The embroidery is on linen in gold



Copyright.

LADY VYVYAN'S COVERLET.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

thread and silk, mostly reds and greens. Of pictures Trelowarren has good store. A Vandyke of the first Lady Vyvyan shows her wearing the pearl necklace given by Queen Henrietta Maria, to whom she was lady-in-waiting, and a Vandyke replica of Charles I was given by the second Charles to mark his sense of Vyvyan's loyalty.

Despite all change and accretion Trelowarren has an air of unchanged and unchangeable calm which many an older and less altered house fails to show. Its walls crystallise the sharply defined elements of Cornish life, Cornish character and Cornish history in a peculiarly convincing fashion.

LAWRENCE WEAVER.



Copyright.

INTERIOR OF CHAPEL.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

# THE NEGLECT OF HOME TIMBER

By SIR ROBERT LORIMER.

"COUNTRY LIFE" has recently published interesting articles on the general question of how to increase the supply of home timber. It may be of interest to follow the matter further and to examine the existing condition of the home timber supply from the point of view of house builders and furniture makers.

In the year 1913 over £42,000,000 went out of this country in payment of imported foreign timber. The price for soft woods has nearly doubled since 1913, and the price for hard woods has gone up about 25 per cent. As about 80 per cent. of the imported timber is coniferous and 20 per cent. hard wood, the cost of the same amount of timber as was imported in 1913 at the prices now ruling would be £76,000,000.

Building of every description in the devastated areas will have to be undertaken after the war on an unprecedented scale. Owing to the vast quantity of timber used for various war purposes, and the even greater quantity destroyed, there will certainly be a timber famine, and the Allies will be bidding against each other for any supply there is. The Germans will be able to get ahead much more rapidly not only owing to their own vast forests, which are, so far, uninjured, but also owing to the fact that they have had saw-mills going at the back of their lines cutting down French and Belgian timber and carrying it back into the heart of Germany. Surely, as pointed out some months ago by an anonymous correspondent of the *Scotsman*, there is a

fairly simple and obvious method of dealing with this situation: that German forests should in due time be used to supply sufficient timber for the reinstatement of buildings in the areas that have been ruined.

Anyone who has been to Goslar in the Hartz Mountains—to mention only one of many forest areas—and has done any of the famous walks that radiate from this little mediæval town will remember the vast area of the State forests—over 130,000 acres in extent—arranged in great blocks,

according to age classes, the height of the trees in the different blocks varying from a few inches to over 100ft.

These forests give constant and healthy employment to a permanent staff of 1,000 forest workers, and produce a crop of timber that yields an average annual net income of just over 14s. per acre. What fairer retribution could there be than that, when the time comes, Germany from her vast reserves should be called upon to supply timber to make good all that she has ruined? This solution, as far as regards the devastated areas, would be a great help, and would also serve to bring down the price of timber in this country after the war and thus make building as a commercial proposition a slightly less difficult problem than it is, with everything at the present inflated prices.

The vast importance of timber as a national asset has never been realised in this country except by a little band of enthusiasts, who have received little encouragement from the Government in a matter where some form of State control and support is essential, to enable the work to be carried out on a large enough scale and in a sufficiently systematic manner to ultimately ensure an annual crop yielding a regular return. It is obvious that a laird who is just able to keep his old family place, and who foresees that his son will inevitably have to sell it, cannot be expected to embark on a planting scheme from which there can be no return to speak of for at least sixty years if he plants soft wood, or anything up to 300 years if he plants oak or other hard wood.

What is the present position in regard to forestry in Scotland and the supply of home timber? The Royal Scottish Arboricultural Society has been in existence for sixty years. During this period the Society and foresters generally have consistently and on every possible occasion urged the economic importance of a national system of afforestation and the necessity for a continuous supply of useful kinds of home timber at a reasonable cost. As recently as last July the Society addressed a resolution to the Government urging that, as all the old and now familiar arguments had been greatly strengthened by events since the war began, steps should now be taken to prepare schemes of afforestation with a view of giving employment to returned soldiers and sailors and, at the same time, tackling this great national problem in a large way.

Sir Ronald Munro Ferguson, who has all his life been an enthusiastic student of forestry and a profound believer in its value to this country if grown scientifically in large



ACACIA: OYSTER VENEER.



GROWTH OF BURR IN SCOTCH ELM.



PLANE TREE VENEER SHOWING "CURLS."



enough areas, states that his larch plantations on the Novar estate in Ross-shire yield a profit of 10s. an acre on land which if sold in the market as moorland would not fetch more than £1 per acre.

Thirty-seven years ago the Society instituted a series of annual excursions in the course of which they have visited the Hartz, Bavaria, Switzerland, France and Sweden, practically every country where trees are systematically cultivated. Interesting reports of these foreign visits have been published and an enormous amount of useful information tabulated. The Society's motto is a good one: "Ye may be aye sticking in a tree; it will be growing when ye're sleeping."

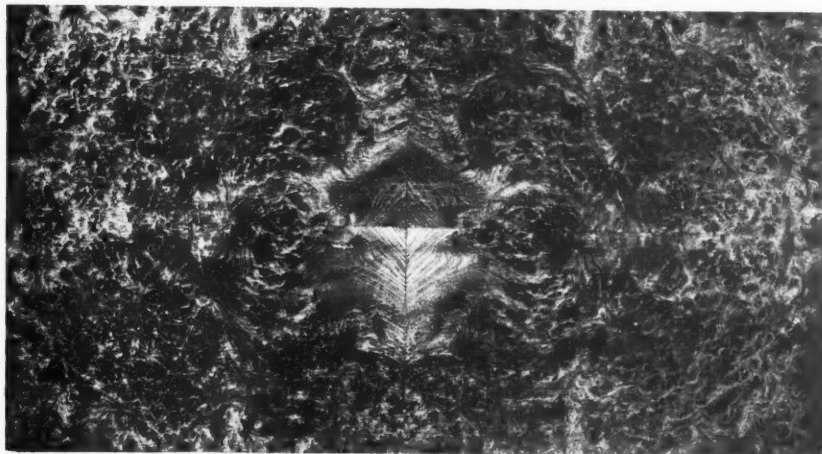
What, however, is the result of the Society's efforts to date? (1) That the landlords complain that they cannot get an adequate price for their timber when they want to sell it and that they can often hardly get anyone to take it for the lifting. (2) That when the architect who believes in local colour, the home product, the stuff with the tang of the soil about it wants seasoned home timber he cannot get it. And (3) that the home timber merchants complain that it does not pay them to lay down and season a stock of home timber because there is a prejudice against it and no continuous demand for it.

That there has in the past existed a prejudice against the use of home timber for building purposes generally and also for cabinet work is undeniable, but is not this typical of the attitude of this country about many things? That the foreign article is accepted without question as the best; that so long as we get what we want and can afford to pay for it we don't trouble to ask where it comes from or into whose pocket the money goes; the result, as regards the timber trade, being that we have been pouring £40,000,000 a year into the pockets of the foreigner, when a considerable proportion of this money could have been retained in this country, and a large number of people might have been kept on the land usefully and happily occupied and rearing healthy children.

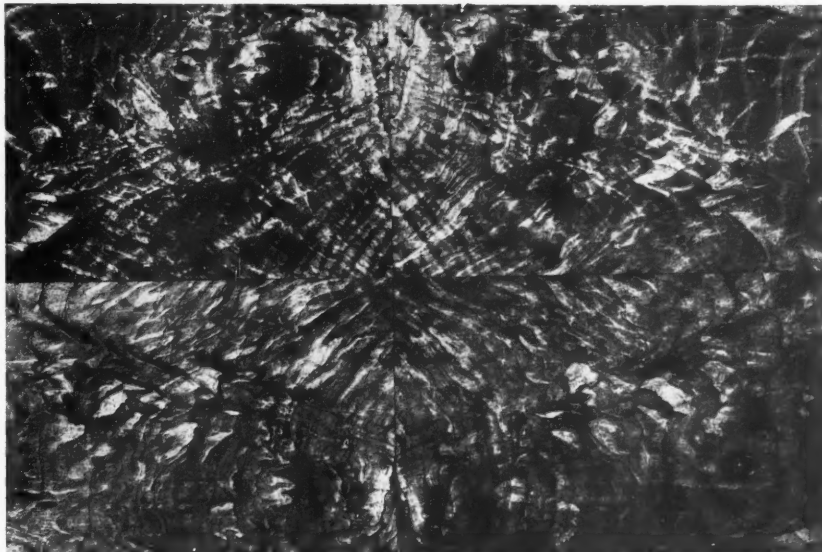
There are several millions of acres of waste land, much of which is suitable for planting. The only effort towards State afforestation that has yet been made was the purchase in 1907 by the Commissioners of Woods of the Inverliever estate on Lochawe-side, of an area of over 12,000 acres, where experimental planting has been going on at the rate of, on an average, 160 acres per annum. The estate has unfortunately no direct access to the sea, and every practical man knows how essential direct sea transport is, in this country at least, for any area of woodland that is to be profitably worked. This is owing to the high railway rates and the want of encouragement in the way of providing wagons and other facilities at country loading banks, and also to the fact that preferential rates are given to foreign timber owing, presumably, to the fact that there is a constant traffic in it.

That a considerable trade in home wood exists is proved by the fact that one old established firm at Larbert has four saw-mills at different places in Scotland and eleven portable mills working in various parts of the country,

and they employ on an average 400 men exclusively on the home wood trade. One member of the firm—who is an enthusiast regarding home timber—to show the faith that is in him, built himself a house some years ago and used home timber for every purpose, from the roof tree down to delicate pieces of furniture. What is wanted, however, is a constant and intelligent demand on behalf of the public which will make it worth while for the home timber



SCOTCH ELM BURR, QUARTERED TO MAKE PANEL.



VENEERED QUARTERED PANEL OF SCOTCH ASH.



SCOTCH ASH BURR VENEER.

merchant to lay down and season a stock of timber for domestic purposes, and also will encourage him, when he is cutting up wood for rough purposes, always to lay on one side selected stuff that is suitable for building work.

Let us consider what woods there are grown in Scotland which are waiting to be used for building purposes. Roughly they are as follows: larch and Scots fir can be used for joisting, roof timbers, etc., and from these woods also can be cut roof boarding and flooring boards, 3½ in. widths being the most economical width to use owing to the fact that this also is the width of a paling rail, and in cutting up the timber the best can be laid on one side for flooring. Larch or Scots fir can also be used for ordinary window finishings, window boards, etc. Douglas pine, which is akin to larch and better than Scots fir, can be used for the same purposes. Selected spruce can be used for rafters and ties; home spruce can, in fact, be used for all purposes for which foreign white wood is now used. The indigenous Scots fir—which is practically the same as the famous Rannoch pine—if carefully selected makes beautiful panelling. Many old Scotch houses contain charming rooms, such as the well known room at Rosslyn Castle, panelled in red pine, untouched by either paint or varnish, which time has turned into a beautiful cool colour.

Elm also makes most attractive panelling if properly selected and used. It is also admirable in wide plain boards for linings of such rooms as a garden room, estate office or business room. I hear the reader object that it twists. So it does if improperly used and in an unseasoned condition, but if the wood be well seasoned and sympathetically handled the twisting can be got over.

Ash also makes good panelling, and so do both beech and plane tree, the latter being a most beautiful wood, hardly ever seen inside a house, but used for calendaring and other commercial purposes. Veneers, whether those known in the trade as "curls," or those with waved or fiddle back markings, can also be got from this wood.

As king of the hard woods—for the variety and beauty of its figure, for the multitude of the uses it can be put to, and for the glorious part it has played in "our rough island story"—oak is too well known to require any remark here, except that the Scots oak is in figure or "chamf," if possible, more interesting than English, owing to the fact that the growth has been slower and the fight with the elements more severe.

As a result of the efficient organisation of the foreign trade, and also owing to the apathy of architects and of the public, it is lamentable to think of the enormous percentage of Austrian and other imported oak for panelling, flooring, etc., that was used in this country before the war. For character, for variety of figure, there is no sort of comparison between the two materials. Austrian is tamer, though slightly easier to work, but if the native trade were properly organised and marketed, the price for the home material ought to be slightly lower than the foreign, which would pay for the extra cost of working.

Scots walnut makes beautiful panelling for a room, but the supply is very limited. This is an example of a hard wood that might be much more grown as a feature in mixed plantations, and the timber always commands a high price. A room panelled in home walnut is a joy to live in.

When we come to furniture the range of choice is considerable. (1) Oak, from which interesting burr veneers can be got. (2) Walnut. (3) Ash. (4) Elm; this tree also yields fine burr veneer. (5) Birch, which is excellent for bedroom furniture. (6) Maple.

Among the rarer woods, which might be more grown and which would be much more used in cabinet work if they could be got with any certainty, are cedar, gean (wild cherry), mulberry, laburnum, holly, cherry and yew. Yew stands almost by itself. It is a most beautiful wood for cabinet work, and owing to its scarcity it is almost always used in the form of veneer. If left

for some length of time in pond water, or better, if a log can be got that has been long submerged in a bog, it becomes a lovely purplish violet colour, cooler in colour than the famous West Indian King wood which the French are so fond of using in their fine veneered cabinet work.

Let us hope that one of the indirect results of this disastrous war may be to stimulate interest in the use of all our home products. If the readers of COUNTRY LIFE will demand home timber in any work, whether building or furniture, in which they may be interested, the battle will be already won and the public will soon follow.

Whenever home timber comes to what is called a "brisk enquiry" it will be worth while for the home timber merchant to employ his capital in stocking and seasoning it.

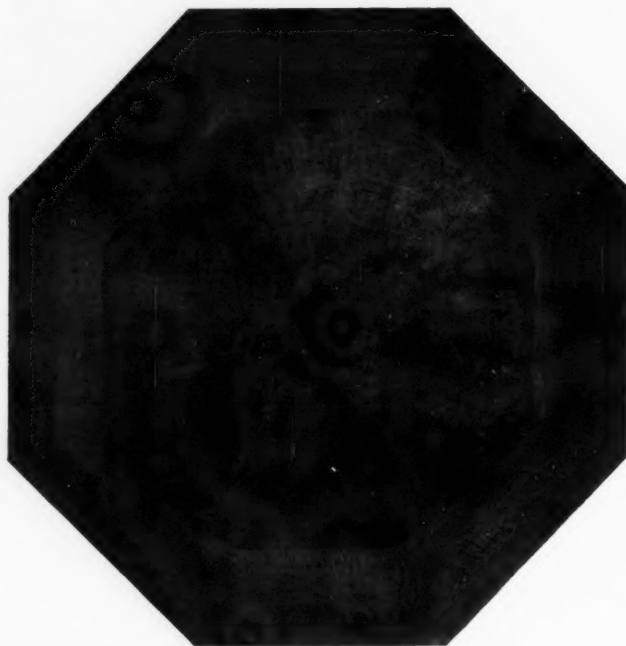


TABLE TOP OF SCOTCH OAK.

## THE ELM AND THE BLIZZARD

**E**VEN amid the exciting events of a great war, the blizzard of Tuesday, March 28th, 1916, was remarkable. It did not cause many fatalities, and other great storms have been accompanied by heavier material loss, but never in this country did a mighty wind play such havoc among trees; and of these trees, the elm has been the chief sufferer. In Hertfordshire, a county as famous for its elms as Bucks is for beeches, there are probably ten elms down for one of any other species. But the loss among some of the others must cause a more poignant regret. At Parkbury, Colonel Cartwright had the painful experience of watching the twenty beautiful cedars, which were a joy to the public as well as the owner, fall one after another till, in less than half an hour, all were down. Larches and firs have been destroyed in considerable numbers. Some plantations are flattened out completely; in others it is as if the owner had commanded a drastic thinning, except for the fact that the victims are nearly all torn up by the roots.

Indeed, this is the leading characteristic of the ravage. Only here and there is a stem broken. The elms especially are torn bodily out of the earth. An exceptionally large one belonging to the writer lies a few hundred yards from where this is being written, and is a very typical example. The wind blew furiously from the North, its terrific speed visible to the eye by reason of the snowflakes by which it was laden. And the giant elm which grew on the edge of a wet sunken lane, at the time more like a canal than a road, received its full force. Its top, formed of huge twisted limbs, was of prodigious weight, augmented by the clinging wet snow, and thus formed an enormous lever which the wind, like some mad blind power, used against the root. Had the ground been hard the elm would have had more power of resistance; but how could it be at the end of a March which has made a record for wetness? Give it had to, and the roots came away leaving a crater in which you might conceal a horse and a load of hay. The top crashed on to the ground and



drove many of its great branches into it. And now the wind, as if still further maddened by its victory, rushed at another elm in the middle of a grass field, which had derived some shelter from the other, and slew it, too, almost immediately. That is what happened in thousands of cases with wayside and field hedgerow trees. Here is no exaggeration. A timber merchant, in no very large way, to whom the tree was offered for sale, had already bought five hundred. One could well believe it. The elm is a favourite avenue tree, and, alas, many ancient and noble avenues must date their destruction from this blizzard. Some belong to private owners; others were planted by ecclesiastics in old time and lead to the church. Very often such trees have been allowed to remain too long. Decay and weakness led to their undoing. An avenue cannot be treated other than as ornamental timber; it is not a matter of forestry for profit, but avenue trees need careful topping and, if necessary, felling, where decay is dangerous. The owner should at the same time take care to plant so that he may have a healthy avenue rather than a crowd of crippled veterans which he has been at great pains to preserve.

On the other hand, our giant was healthy from root to crown. Every large and not easily accessible tree has a certain amount of dead wood, but in this particular case the quantity was trifling and included no branch of any importance. No estate and no farm in the neighbourhood has escaped. The average farm runs to about a hundred and fifty or two hundred acres, and each has lost from ten to thirty elms. It is easy to see why they succumbed. What may be called a farm elm enjoys freedom to toss its big limbs about and let them grow, so that in course of time the top is too big for the root. And it stands open to the gale without the shelter for which every good forester arranges. Its roots travel long distances underground, but they do not go very deep. They are a nuisance in draining.

The economical effect of this unexpected fall of timber is for the moment more interesting than profitable. On



JUMPING A TREE FELLED BY THE STORM IN ROTTEN ROW.

sentiment is often carried too far. There comes a time in the life of a tree after which, if it is not cut down, it goes back instead of going forward.

On a very large estate, the owner of which is almost a worshipper of trees, the gale has demonstrated the badness of the forestry, because beech and elm, and even oak, that have been stricken down are shown to be rotten at the core. The majority should have been felled twenty or thirty years ago. As we have said, however, even the tree worshipper thought when war broke out that the time had come to thin his woods. He proposed to do so wisely and sparingly. In fact, if the cutting had taken place, the casual observer would never have dreamed that the trees had been taken away. The cutting did not take place because of the universal labour famine in the country. Such men as for one reason or another have not joined the Army are in very great demand. There are much more urgent uses for them than that of cutting down trees, and so the removal of timber has not been nearly so extensive as was planned.

Yet in consequence of the difficulties of transport, British timber has gone up very greatly in value, and plantations that would not have paid for the trouble of felling a few years ago are now worth money, or at least were so till the blizzard came. The immediate result of the devastation has been to provide for more than the previous great scarcity. The merchants for several days were besieged by crowds of men imploring them to come and take away the fallen trees. It happened that nearly every lane was blocked by the trunks, so that wheeled traffic was entirely suspended. It is so yet in many lanes, which,

a considerable number of estates it was decided, very soon after the war began, to raise money on the timber. Trees in many cases were actually marked for felling, and we are not referring to the sort of landowner who is careless of the appearance of the country as long as he can make profit himself, but to men who cherish the beauty of their countryside as something beyond price. But the truth is that this



THE FAMOUS PLANE TREE IN BERKELEY SQUARE.

*London suffered as well as the country.*

by the by, is not altogether a misfortune, as in any case those deep ways are very difficult to traverse on account of the fact that they were filled up with snow, and the wreaths had not by any means melted even after a week of fine weather. Where the snow had disappeared it has left immense pools of water, so that the lane, as distinct from the highway, needs to be carefully avoided at the present time.

That, however, did not prevent the county councils from taking prompt measures to get them cleared. It happened, as a matter of course, that the man whose tree blocked the lane had many others down and he was anxious to get them off his hands, therefore the merchant has been able to buy at a very cheap rate much more timber than he has immediate

use for. He is, however, confident of the future, because the stock has before this fallen so low and supplies were so uncertain that prices for a long time have been going up with a bound. The private owner who wishes to make something out of his wood cannot do better than let it lie till this windfall gets used up. There are few things of which it is safer to prophesy than the coming scarcity of timber, and the results of the gale will very soon be assimilated. Even the top and lop brings a high price to-day on account of the dearness of coal. The elm is by no means very good wood for burning. In this respect it holds the same relationship to ash that peat does to coal, but there are plenty of buyers at a time when fuel is dearer than it has ever been previously in the memory of living man.

## LITERATURE

### A BOOK OF THE WEEK

CONTEMPORARY histories of the war are as a rule more attractive than trustworthy. To a large extent they seem to be compiled from the newspapers and written by newspaper men, whose calling teaches them to emphasise what is picturesque or thrilling and not to strain too vigorously at impartiality. Their main object is to strike the attention of the reader, and if that is done inaccuracy becomes the most pardonable of offences. From their lurid or, at any rate, pictorial pages it is a certain relief to turn to the sober annals of *The Annual Register* (Longmans). The painstaking editor has spared no trouble to ascertain the facts, and he writes the history of the war as impartially as is possible to an Englishman. Indeed, the special chapter devoted to Germany must almost satisfy the Germans themselves. Evidently, the newspapers of that country have been sedulously coned to get an understanding of the German case. Especially is this noticeable in the analysis of public opinion as it was before the war and as it changed with the progress of events. The writer says that in days antecedent to 1914 political life showed a rift so deep and wide that it could scarcely be paralleled in any other country in the world, but the schism healed up at once at the sound of the war drum. Even then all Germans did not see with the same eyes, although looking towards the same object. The nobles of Brandenburg and East Prussia regarded the struggle as one brought on by jealousy of the Empire of the Hohenzollerns. University students dreamed romantically of Teuton manhood being called upon to sweep away Latin decadence and Slav barbarism. The mercantile classes looked mostly to their pocket and hoped that the Mistress of the Seas would be brought down from her high place. But the masses supported the war for the reason instilled into them by the Kaiser and his prophets, that it was essentially defensive in character, and the enthusiasm for it was maintained so long as the Russians were holding a portion of Austria, which amounted at one time to one-third and were also advancing in East Prussia. But after Mackensen had succeeded in driving the invaders out of Central Europe and far back into the interior of their own Empire, the Socialists, breathing freely, began to develop a peace propagandum. They had not dallied when the Cossack was at the door. It is stated, apparently on German authority, that in East Prussia 400,000 people had fled as refugees, 200,000 homes had been destroyed, and 1,620 civilians had been murdered. In a footnote the remark is made that "the civilians in Germany, Belgium and Serbia who resisted the invading armies laid themselves open to a terrible vengeance." But when the peril was over the Socialists showed themselves adverse to any further warfare of mere aggression. They called on Germany in the name of humanity and civilisation to express a willingness to negotiate.

A careful summary is made of the speech Bethmann-Hollweg made to the Reichstag on August 19th, 1915. It is very easy for us here to see that he was talking partisan claptrap. The condition of South Africa to-day is an absolute contradiction to the charge of aggression there. Egypt was not unlawfully seized, and there is no truth in the charge that we had divided Persia with Russia. Yet when the foremost statesman of Germany gave prominence to these allegations and based on them the conclusion that it was hypocrisy on Britain's part to pose as defender of small nations, it is no cause for wonder that the proletariat,

intellectually spoon-fed with censored articles, accepted them as true. The speech was the cause of much controversy at the time and may be regarded as the most plausible defence put up by a German.

A subject even more interesting is the discussion that took place during September, October and November of last year as to what might be expected to arise after the war. The point of agreement was that the relations between Germany and Austria Hungary should become closer. According to the writer—

This conception was that the states of Central Europe should be welded together in a single group, a syndication of nations—something more than an alliance, though less than an actual federation. The essential unity of the interests and civilisation of the German Empire and German-Austria having been made apparent by the war, the idea of some sort of unity was extended, through German-Austria's political connexion with the neighbouring Slavs and Magyars, to all the peoples of Central Europe. "Middle Europe" was to be not a mere geographical expression, but a political entity.

The trade policy for after the war was that each Empire should have a large fiscal preference in the other's markets, as compared with other countries. Of course, the account of internal Germany is very meagre, but it could not be anything else, considering the great restraint exercised over the newspapers. In Austria Hungary the dominant feeling at the beginning of last year was one of rage against Russia, which had swept over such a quantity of territory, and in the spring when Italy declared war against her former ally

the feeling towards Germany in many Viennese circles was of the very warmest description. From the Austrian point of view, Germany had played the part of a faithful ally, and there was a natural disinclination to scrutinise too closely the methods of such a useful friend.

Except for the feelings caused by invasion, the Austrians do not seem to have been so enthusiastic about the war as their German allies, and there was even more division among them. Against Italy reliance was placed on the strength of the south-western frontier. Both in Austria and Hungary great inconvenience was felt by the shortage of labour. Casualties had been so enormous that the authorities were compelled to enroll in the army both men above and men below the ordinary age limit. Even the medically unfit were re-examined and passed into the service. The Austro-Hungarian casualties during the first twelve months of the war were between 2,000,000 and 2,500,000, including no fewer than 600,000 prisoners. In regard to Turkey and Bulgaria, much interesting information has been gathered together for the purpose of explaining how they were drawn into the vortex.

The main interest in the volume, nevertheless, consists in the clear and able account of the war itself. It is not a record calculated to have an exciting effect upon the people of this country, but it shows the Allies in the right light. Germany alone of all the countries in the world had made a thorough preparation for the war. The Allies were obliged to conduct their operations in a defensive manner for a long time after the war had broken out, because they had neither guns, shells, nor men ready. The various accusations launched against the Entente nations would be absolutely contradicted by the fact of their unpreparedness, even if there were no other evidence on the point. Neither France nor Russia expected the conflict to break out at that time. They had no more than a vague apprehension of its being inevitable, and if it had not been that Great Britain had her fleet mobilised, it is difficult to see how the greatest European catastrophe in history could have been avoided.



## LITERARY NOTES

Three tiny books about Easter warn us that the great spring festival is not far off. They are solemn little books, as befits the time. Although Easter is a time of rejoicing, celebrating the Resurrection of the Founder of Christianity, and also the renewal of life in our temperate climate, it never seems to have brought with it that boisterous merriment which belongs to Christmas. Yet one always looks back to Easter with something of that pleasure which Sir John Suckling expressed in a line—

"No sun upon an Easter Day looked ever half so bright."

No doubt there have been inclement Easters, but they slip away from the memory, while those that were shiny remain there. Latterly, the day has been largely devoted to certain amusements, which grow monotonous as they are almost the only resort of the crowd; but Easter in the country to many of us is associated with merry games and tinted eggs and the first really open-air holiday of the year.

## PORTRAITS OF CHRIST.

One of the books in the series called *Memorabilia* (Medici Society) is concerned with "Portraits of Christ." These are of great human interest, although it is very doubtful indeed if the oldest of them conveys even a traditional memory of His actual appearance. It is assigned to the fourth century and shows a very noble conception of what He might have been. The one which most truly answers to the description, "A Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief," is the careworn face which professed to be the original sent by Christ to Abgarus, King of Edessa. All the woe of the world and the thought of the world, too, look out from the eyes and tremble on the curve of the lip. The great bust in the Church of the Monastery at Daphni, near Athens, belongs to the same type, but probably has lost something owing to the wearing away of the stone. The interest really lies in the fact that each of these representations tells us what an artist thought the Saviour of the World was like physically, what He might have been if He was not.

A companion volume to it is *The Last Supper* as shown by artists from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century. The Last Supper was an incident

on which the imagination of the greatest painters seized as a very significant point in history, and things that have been in the world so long are studied not so exclusively for the poetic value, because that has been understood for ages. The antiquarian delights most in them because from the garniture of the table he can deduce so much that has regard to the eating and drinking habits of the generation when they were produced.

The little book of *Easter Poems*, edited by C. A. Miles, begins with a Latin hymn said to be one of the eleventh century and instinct with the faith of that period. It ends with a poem which Arthur Clough wrote at Naples in 1849, which expressed the doubt that had crept into the philosophy of that period. The old simple belief that Christ's physical body that had been laid in the tomb rose actually from the dead and appeared to men so that they could hold His hand and feel the imprint of the nails is gone, and in its place there is Clough's vague but fine faith in the ultimate triumph of good. Between the periods much good poetry was written about Easter, but none of perfect and supreme merit. William Dunbar wrote a poem on the Resurrection which is as good as anything in the book, but it falls a long way behind the same poet's mundane poetry. Luther is strong and lucid as usual, and Wither, Giles Fletcher, Herrick, Crawshaw and Vaughan all wrote what we like to read. One is glad that the editor printed the "Easter Wings" of George Herbert. It is a conceit in a way, but into the very artificial form Herbert has managed to get something of the wine of true poetry. It is not too familiar to reproduce:

## EASTER WINGS.

Lord, who createdst man in wealth and store,  
Though foolishly he lost the same,  
Decaying more and more,  
Till he became  
Most poor:  
With Thee  
O let me rise,  
As larks, harmoniously,  
And sing this day Thy victories;  
Then shall the fall further the flight in me.



JONATHAN C. EAGLE.

# CORRESPONDENCE

## OUR 1,000th NUMBER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Fresh from the enjoyment of your admirable thousandth number, I feel that I must write to congratulate you upon it as more than worthy to mark an important stage in the magazine's already long and useful career. Regarding it both as painter and photographer, I have long admired the skill with which you have contrived so to select and probably inspire the productions of the camera as to go far towards bridging the supposed gulf between art and photography. The natural arrogance of the painter leads him to scoff at photography, and insist that art can have nothing to do with its productions. You are silently and eloquently telling him from week to week that an artist is an artist whether he uses brushes and canvas or plates and developers, the only difference being that, in skilled hands, the camera attains to perfection of statement, especially as to detail, beyond anything ever achieved by the wonderful Primitives of Italy and Flanders or the nineteenth century English Pre-Raphaelites who were inspired by them. There are, of course, fields apart for both. The painter cannot hope to compete in the observation of living things and swift movement under all sorts of conditions; and, of course, he can take no part in the splendid work done for all branches of science by the photographer. On the other hand, he still holds the domain of colour as his fortress—although it is obviously no longer the impregnable fortress we once considered it; and, as yet, the realm of imaginative invention and expression of personal moods has scarcely been trespassed upon; but I am not sure that the photographer will not eventually invade this territory also.

What is most engaging about COUNTRY LIFE is that it continually and delightfully reminds us dwellers in the smoke and stress of the town that, outside, is our beautiful country with its infinitude of rural charm, no detail of which seems to be missed by your observant super-eye—its dwellings from palace to cottage with their endless variety of gardens, its churches, its fields with all the activities and products of the year, the flowers and trees, the beasts, birds, and all living things that people the fields, even the clouds that float overhead to complete the beauty of the scene before they dissolve in life-giving rain—nothing is missed, and everything is presented with perfection of statement; and, of course, the sea, which is our guard and glory, is not neglected. Your letterpress, although the pictures are apt to make one neglect it, is well up to the pictorial standard, both in variety of topic and excellence of treatment—excellent matter, expressed with an absence of verbosity which suggests imitation. So I shall merely add to my congratulations the more or less selfish hope that so long as I am able to love the life of the country, COUNTRY LIFE will continue to be a weekly joy to me.—EDWARD RIMBAULT DIBBIN, Curator, City of Liverpool Walker Art Gallery.

## WINTER FODDER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With the maximum of land devoted to grain production there is every likelihood that next winter and spring will be marked, as those just gone have been, by scarcity of cattle food. In view of this possibility the following experiment carried out in Germany during the winter of 1914-15 may be of some interest to agriculturists. A successful attempt was made to utilise the leaves of turnips, swedes and mangolds by gathering them in good condition and storing them in silos a yard deep under a layer of earth. Notwithstanding the strong smell of the compact fodder which resulted, it was readily consumed by cattle. Four groups, each of six milk cows, were experimented upon. Before the experiment commenced the daily allowance of each cow included some 40lb. of turnips and swedes, this item being subsequently replaced in the case of three groups by ensilaged leaves of swedes, turnips and mangolds, while the fourth group was kept as a control, its original diet being continued unchanged. The results were encouraging. No injurious effects followed the change of food. The composition of the milk remained normal, although there was a slight increase of fat, and only in the case of the mangold-fed group was there a slight decrease in the yield. Throughout the experiment the weight of leaves daily consumed by a cow was slightly less than the original allowance of roots.—JAMES RITCHIE.

P.S.—A short summary of the original description of the experiments in "Mitteil. d. Deutschen Landwirtschaft. Gesellsch." 1915, is printed in the Bulletin of the International Institute of Agriculture, just to hand.

## TO FIX THE SCENT OF LAVENDER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can you tell me what to do with lavender so that its scent will not be so fugitive? I believe there is some recipe in which a certain kind of salt is used with it. Can you give me any help? I should be so grateful. I do not want any other sweet-smelling ingredient to be used besides the lavender.—A. E. T.

[The scent of lavender flowers may be preserved by preparing them with a mixture of bay salt and common salt. The bay salt, which is sold in lumps, should be crushed or pounded fairly small and mixed with an equal quantity of common salt. The lavender, not dried, but just as it is picked, whether in whole heads or shaken out, is put into any glazed jar, either china or earthenware, in a layer about three-quarters of an inch deep and just covered with the salt mixture; then another layer of lavender and of salt, and so on, pressing down with the hand or a wooden rammer as each layer goes in. A cylindrical jar, such as one of the common brown Nottingham ware, is the best, because as the preparation progresses it should be kept tightly pressed down with a wooden wad the size of the inside of the jar and a weight on this. When the jar is full or the intended amount has been put in, the whole is turned out and well mixed up. It is then returned to the jar and again packed in close and weighted as before, and the cover kept on. It should

be kept closed for three months, after which it is ready to put out in jars or bowls. Of course, the scent is better retained if it is in covered receptacles that have the lids only occasionally removed; but if it is in open bowls and becomes quite dry, it can be refreshed by sprinkling with water and mixing up with the hands so that the whole becomes again slightly moist. Salted preparations are not suited for putting in bags—only for keeping in glazed ware.—Ed.]

## TORTOISES IN SALONIKA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have been very interested in the letters on tortoises which have been appearing lately in COUNTRY LIFE. Since landing here I have found many tortoises of all sizes, especially during our digging fatigues in the hills. The first day we got into camp I came across a medium-sized tortoise, which was ensconced in the middle of one of the dwarf holly bushes which abound on the hills. The day was sunny and fairly warm, but the night was bitter, and I wondered if the protection it had secured was sufficient, especially as we had passed snow on the road. Two days ago, while taking down a marquee, I found underneath the brailing a baby tortoise, the shell of which was about 3½ in. in length from back to front. I placed it on some loose earth intending to watch its actions, but it disappeared about half an hour later, probably by somebody's marauding hand as I could find no trace of any disturbance on the mould. Perhaps some other reader of your paper in this country will endeavour to send along a few notes, as it will be rather interesting to know what the tortoise will do in the summer, which I think is a hot one here.—W. S. H. (Private).

## SAFFRON PUDDING FOR EASTER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you a recipe that may be of some use at this season of the year. Take a pound of breadcrumbs and soak them in a strong infusion of saffron, which should have been prepared beforehand. Beat the yolks of four eggs and the whites of three, and add to them a quarter of a pound of candied citron peel cut into lozenge-shaped pieces of about an inch long, a quarter of a pound of blanched almonds halved, a pound of chopped suet and a gill of brandy. Mix in the breadcrumbs, put into a buttered dish and bake for an hour and a half. Serve with sifted sugar.—G. V. C.

## THE LAW ON BREAD WEIGHT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I find the wholemeal bread is sent in 40z. to 50z. short on a 2lb. loaf, the baker telling me wholemeal is fancy bread and as such need not be sold up to weight. Can anyone tell me if this is the common practice throughout England?—L. P.

[It is true that "fancy bread" may be legally sold without being weighed if less than 1lb. in weight. The regulation would not apply to your 2lb. loaf, and a loaf made of wholemeal would not for legal purposes come under the description of "fancy bread."—Ed.]

## A DECOY FOR WOOD-PIGEONS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue of March 25th a sketch is given of a kind of strait waistcoat for a decoy wood-pigeon. A simpler and more humane method—odd as this may seem—is to "seel" the wood-pigeon's eyes, and attach it by jesses (leather straps for the legs) to a peg. The peg must be 18 in. to 2 ft. long to hold a strong bird like a pigeon, in loose soil. In addition to "seeling" the eyes, it might be necessary to put cotton wool in the pigeon's ears. If your correspondent is anxious to make the experiment, I shall be very pleased to give him detailed instructions as to "seeling" a bird's eyes.—D. C. PHILLOTT, Lieutenant-Colonel.

## THE STORK IN TURKEY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In the *Penny Magazine* of 1834 (eighty-two years ago) is a curious description of storks' nests in Asiatic Turkey at that time. The writer told how, through the towers of mosques at Baghdad not having the pointed cone such as on those of Constantinople, the storks were enabled to build their nests upon the summit, and as the diameter of the nest generally corresponded with that of the tower it appeared as a part of it. The curious effect was increased by the appearance of the bird itself in the nest, which thus, as part of its body and its long neck were seen above the edge, appeared the crowning object of the pillar. Previous to the war did the storks still build upon the tops of the towers at Baghdad as described? "The Turks held the bird in esteem. Their name for it is Hadji Lug-lug; the former word, which is the honorary title of a pilgrim, it owes to its annual migrations and its apparent attachment to their sacred edifices. The latter portion of the denomination, 'lug-lug,' is an attempt to imitate the noise which the bird makes. The regard of the Turks is so far understood and returned by the intelligent stork that in cities of mixed population it rarely or never builds its nest in any other than a Turkish home. The Rev. J. Hartly in his 'Researches in Greece and the Levant,' remarks: 'The Greeks have carried their antipathy to the Turks to such a pitch that they have destroyed all the storks in the country.' On enquiring the reason I was informed: 'The stork is a Turkish bird; it never used to build its nest on the house of a Greek, but always on that of a Turk.' The tenderness which the Turks display towards the feathered tribe is indeed a pleasing trait in their character." In ancient Egypt it was a capital crime to kill a stork. Its great services are in killing reptiles in the localities where they abound.—A. H.



LETTERS FROM A SUBALTERN, R.F.A.

Our readers who have been interested in "Subaltern, R.F.A.'s" cheery letters and sketches from the front will be sorry to hear that he was very badly wounded a little time back, and it has resulted in a very serious operation, causing the amputation of one of his legs. As will be seen from



"CAPTAIN, 'E SES 'GET YER 'AIR CUT' SECTION 'HOSSIFER 'E SES 'CLEAN Y-ER 'ARNESS' - SERGEANT-MAJOR 'E SES 'GIT ON GROOMIN' YER 'ORSE' NUMBER ONE SES 'GO AN LOSE YERSELF' -"

the sketches, his splendidly buoyant nature rises above even this misfortune, and it will be readily understood how great a misfortune it is in the case of one so fond of all manly outdoor kinds of work and sport. The legends written round the sketches are self-explanatory and show his excellent spirits. Like the great majority of those who have suffered for their country, he evidently is prepared not only to take his misfortune philosophically, but even to discover a certain humour in it.

THE FUN OF A PONY FAIR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I remember watching the sale of a drove of ponies at Lyndhurst Fair some years ago, and how the men round one of the ponies suddenly began shouting and arguing together, and before one knew what was happening about six of them made a rush at it and heaved it up, and there was a vision for a second of a pony's legs kicking in the air, and the next it was on its side on the ground with them all sitting upon it, and then the crowd round shut out the view from me. After the commotion was over and a very dejected looking pony stood upon its feet again, I was told that the gipsies had been declaring that it had a "wolf tooth," which was considered very unlucky by them, and so it was thrown over and held down in this forcible manner and its mouth opened to show all who wished to see whether it possessed such a thing or not. At the same fair I saw an old crofter, who seemed to be doing well with his drove of ponies, judging by the sovereigns he showered into the lap of his wife, a weather-beaten, red-faced, stout old lady attired in a black satin dress, who sat on the grass outside the enclosure and who greeted him with beaming smiles every time he appeared after a sale. She was attended by her daughter in a wonderful hat and a bright green dress. When it was time to leave, one of our party, who had a prejudice against ponies' heels and cows' horns, was discovered sitting "for safety," as she said, in a very high butcher's cart attached to an unattended and reinless horse.—E. A. D. H.

A TOM-TIT TRAGEDY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I wonder if the following would interest your readers and also act as a warning to amateur nest box builders. For several years a pair of tom-tits have visited my garden and have been well supplied with cocoanut and fat, and their gymnastic feats have been a source of much pleasure. Last February I conceived the idea of making them a nest box in a cherry tree, which they occupied and in due time hatched their young; but time went on and no young made an appearance, so the first opportunity I had, I went up the tree to see what had happened, and to my horror found the little ones dead—I had made the nest too deep. So I took the box down and made it quite right for depth and other improvements—altogether quite a nice residence; but although they came as usual all this winter, we have seen nothing of them for the last three weeks. So they evidently remember the tragedy of last year.—A. BURLS.

"THE COCK'S EGG."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

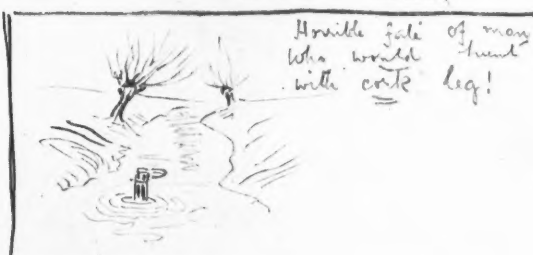
SIR,—I have just had presented to me a tiny fowl's egg as a curiosity, and such are less common, I think, than used to be in my young days. It is the first egg laid by a pullet, and these were always known as "the cock's egg." The belief about them was to the effect that if a cock's egg could be hatched, out would come a cockatrice. I wonder if such a superstition still holds among countryfolk. It was also held that a hen begins her laying life and ends it with a cock's egg, and that the cock bird always does his best to eat both if they come under his notice.—R. T.



Back View of Leg with Cork increase in chest measurement due to back of exercise! Also observe nice safe Horse!



Side View Showing Safety non-fall attachment



Horrible fall of man who would thrust with cork leg!

## STOUP DISCOVERED AT TONG.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The finding of the Hartland Stoup resembles so closely another discovery just made at Tong, near Bradford, that I venture to send you a description of it. The Rev. Edwin E. Le Bas wrote to our British Archaeological Association informing us that he had found a curious stone vessel, which he thought was a font, in a farmyard, and that he was anxious to restore it to the church. He is now hunting for the base or pedestal of the font in the old gardens adjoining the farm. The nave and chancel of the church were rebuilt in 1727, when the present font was inserted. Judging from the photograph that has been sent to me I believe it is a holy-water stoup and not dissimilar to that at Hartland. Mr. Le Bas is certainly to be congratulated on making his discovery, and it is hoped that the authorities of Tong church will accept the stoup as those of Hartland have done.—P. H. DITCHFIELD, Editor of the Journal of the British Archaeological Association.

## CURIOUS INN SIGNS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May I furnish Captain Crouch with the fifth "All," which he has forgotten? I pray for all, I plead for all, I maintain all, I fight for all, I take all. The five figures represent a clergyman, a lawyer, a farmer, the King, and the Devil.—ARCHIBALD SPARKE, F.R.S.L.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Referring to Captain Crouch's letter in COUNTRY LIFE of March 25th, I find in "The History of Signboards" the following passage: "The well known Four Alls, representing a King, who says, 'I rule all'; a priest, who says, 'I pray for all'; a soldier, who says, 'I fight for all'; and John Bull, or a farmer, who says, 'I pay for all.' Sometimes a fifth is added in the shape of a lawyer, who says, 'I plead for all.'" In the same work is a plate entitled "Five Alls," representing Dr. Hunter, a famous Scotch clergyman; Erskine, the lawyer; a farmer; King George III, and the Devil. Over each an inscription, "I pray for all," "I plead for all," "I maintain all," "I fight for all," "I take all."—H. GERALD SMYTH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Between fifty and sixty years ago Messrs. Beeton published an excellent magazine for boys—"The Boys' Own Magazine"—with a Christmas Annual number, and on one occasion the Annual was called "The Five Alls." The frontispiece was an illustration of an old inn with a signboard in five panels. In each panel was portrayed a man. In one a farmer saying "I feed all"; in the next a soldier saying "I fight for all"; in the next a parson saying "I pray for all." The fourth I, unfortunately, cannot remember. The fifth was a lawyer saying "I grab all." Probably some of your readers may remember the publication, at all events it should be easy to refer to a copy of it in some library, or the British Museum.—W. L. EMMERSON, M.R.C.S.

## ARABS IN WARFARE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Following on the article by Mr. Douglas Carruthers on the above subject in last week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE, I thought the enclosed photograph of Arab marauders, taken on the borders of the Egyptian desert, might be of some interest to your readers.—C. B.

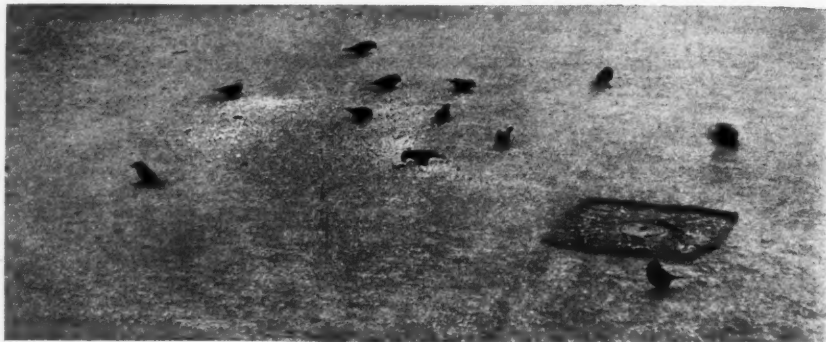


THE VULTURES OF THE DESERT.

## AT A BIRDS' BANQUET.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have been greatly interested from time to time in regard to the photographs and correspondence relating to "Visitors to the Bird Table,"



INVITED GUESTS.



THE INTRUSIVE ROOK.

and I venture to enclose two prints which may interest some of your readers. One depicts the rather unusual visit of a rook to the banquet. A number of sparrows were being "treated" to a feast of cake and breadcrumbs when one or two unexpected guests arrived, viz., a blue tit and a robin. Harmony reigned for a few moments, then with a mighty commotion "the bogie man" arrived and scattered the guests right and left. With very cautious tread he approached the largest piece and secured it by holding his head sideways, the whole length of his bill being practically laid on the ground, and not, as one might expect, by simply picking it up with the end of his bill. The photographs were taken at The Spa Grounds, Scarborough.—STANLEY CROOK.

## WAR ON VERMIN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your first correspondent, writing on this subject, was certainly somewhat reckless in advocating the destruction of the little owl, the stoat and the weasel, though the two latter are very "devils" in ferocity, as I have often heard them described by keepers and others accustomed to watch their actions. In their looks and actions after pouncing on their victims there is rather more than "high devilry," they are fiends incarnate so far as I can judge. They both have their uses, and if exterminated our British wild life would suffer in an appreciable manner, and there would be a loud outcry if they were exterminated, as in the case of some of our fierce birds. The stoat and weasel in their active warfare on other vermin are well worth the observer's attention and both demonstrate our wildest animal nature at its worst, which is also its best. Neither is so useful as the little owl, which wages its war as a means of living by killing the worst of our minor pests, and I am pleased to join your other correspondent in his protest against the destruction of owls in particular.—THOS. RATCLIFFE.

## HOW TO CLEAN A PLASTER GROUP.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—With reference to the enquiry in your issue of March 4th, the plaster group should be painted over with liquid gelatine. Afterwards the group should be placed in the sun, and as the gelatine dries it will peel off, leaving the plaster quite clean.—D. C. BUSHBY.